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The New REPUBLIC

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Christian Science Censorship Again

by CRAIG F. THOMPSON

Axël and Rimbaud

by EDMUND WILSON

What Next in India?

by C. F. ANDREWS

On the London Conference: "Don't Shoot the Piano Player"

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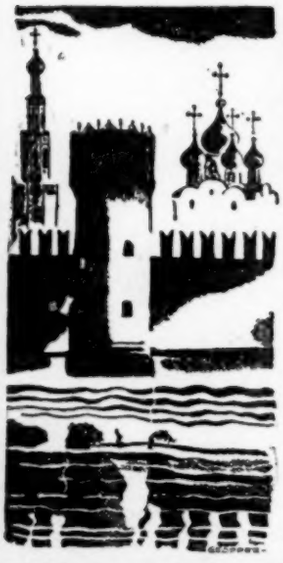

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The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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The Week

THE fall of the Tardieu Ministry in France is of interest to Americans chiefly, of course, because of its possible effect upon the London naval conference. Obviously it will delay the negotiations somewhat, which is not necessarily a bad thing; it gives President Hoover, for instance, a breathing space in which to find out what support there is in the country for a treaty applying in the Atlantic the principles of the Four Power Pact in the Pacific. The attitude of France in the conference will not be changed; it represents a policy which has already outlived more than one government. The fact that the Tardieu ministry fell because of an unimportant detail of taxation—the entire sum involved is less than three million dollars—suggests that if the naval program of three-quarters of a million tons of ships were ever carried out, the French tax-payer would have something to say about the increase in his taxes. Everyone knows, however, that the naval program is not intended to be carried out in full. It is a paper program for bargaining purposes only, and these it is serving very well.

POSSIBLY not since the Mohammedan wars of the seventh century, and certainly not since the Reformation, has there been a more dramatic conflict of religions than is now taking place in Soviet Russia. On the one side are the Christian, Jewish and Mohammedan sects which formerly divided the country between them. On the other side is Russian Communism, which has obviously become a religion, even though it denies the existence of God. It is a religion, moreover, which is determined to tolerate no rivals in the territory it controls. Churches, synagogues and mosques are now being closed or demolished throughout the country; church bells have been forbidden to ring; ikons are being destroyed or stored in museums; priests and rabbis are being imprisoned; and Russia as a whole is ceasing to be a part of Christendom. The mere existence of "religious associations" is still tolerated in most cities, but they have just been subjected to a stringent code of regulations, while being deprived at the same time of all juridical rights.

MEANWHILE the churches of the western world are uniting for the first time in defense of religious liberty. The Pope, on February 8, denounced the "innumerable atrocities" of the Soviet government. Four days later the Archbishop of Canterbury issued a protest which became the subject of a hot debate in the House of Commons. On February 16, Bishop Manning of New York City followed his example, and announced a special service of prayer and intercession at the Episcopal cathedral of St. John the Divine, to which clergymen of all denominations are to be invited. Other protests are being heard, especially from Jewish congregations. In fact, the only ecclesiastical dissent comes from Moscow itself, where the head of the Russian Orthodox Church, after assailing the Pope for his intervention, has denied that the Soviets are persecuting his faith. The Metropolitan Sergius, however, is in such a position of personal danger that his words are to be discounted. Certainly he has less influence with the government than has the League of the Godless, which has recently elaborated a five-year program for abolishing religion in Russia.

THE Soviet view of the situation is characteristic. Determined, in their Marxian fundamentalism, to reduce everything to economics, the Russian Communists assert that all these protests are merely incidents in a new capitalistic warfare against the Soviet Union. This warfare—which has had recent repercussions in France, Germany, England, Mexico and at the Vatican—is caused, so they say, by fear lest their five-year industrial and agricultural program should prove dangerous to Western capitalism. It is possible that this theory is partly justified, but on the whole the Russians are unquestionably mistaken. Blind to all but economic motives, they are disregarding the sincere dismay of many people in all parts of the world who believe that all religions should be granted freedom of worship, and who had hoped that religious wars and persecutions had ceased with the dawn of the modern era.

IN LAST week's New Republic, Mr. Carleton Beals wrote on the present political situation in Mexico, under the title, "Mexico and the Communists." As readers of the paper know, his article was a straightforward account of the persecution of the Communists by the present government. It consisted of facts and facts only, told in an unemotional narrative which expressed sympathy with neither side. The Mexican authorities showed how autocratic and intolerant is their present attitude by arresting Mr. Beals, only twenty-four hours after the issue containing his article was published. Since it takes several days for mail to reach Mexico from New York, it is obvious that some agent of the government in New York read Mr. Beals's article and telegraphed to Mexico City about it, causing the arrest.

LIKE most secret agents of most governments, this one is painfully stupid; Mr. Beals's article was not a hostile one, so far as the government of Mexico is concerned, and The New Republic has a long record of friendliness to that country which any sensible man would have taken into account. Mr. Beals has been released from jail, and after appealing by telegraph to Senator Borah and Ambassador Morrow, has received an apology from the government, which has explained that his arrest was due to "over-zealousness of the military authorities" and was carried out without the knowledge or approval of President Ortiz Rubio. We trust the stupid spy in New York has also received an appropriate reprimand, and that there will be no repetition of the incident. If the Mexican government cannot stand the honest reporting of so good a friend as Carleton Beals, it is more than time to abandon the policies whose workings he described.

RELIABLE figures are lacking as usual; official bureaus issue statements which conflict in everything save their universal optimism; but nevertheless it is becoming apparent that the unemployment problem is more acute than it has been since the winter of 1921. Can it be solved by aggressively denying its existence? Such is the apparent belief of the gentlemen who are now covering our billboards with optimistic statements, illustrated by symbolic Gibson girls who go brightly marching into the future, while scattering behind them gold enough to fill the empty dinner pail. The gold, however, is imaginary. And it seems to us, as not quite disinterested observers, that such attempts to produce prosperity by propaganda should be confined to places where they will reach the eyes of employers alone, and should not be flaunted before the eyes of jobless men who would be vastly more comforted by offers of food, shelter, clothing or steady employment.

ADVERTISING, so we are told, has a high economic utility because it spreads the news about inventions and persuades people to raise their standards of living. This being the case, it must be a matter of public benefit that the Gillette Safety Razor Company is about to spend $10,000,000 on one of the largest advertising campaigns ever undertaken for a single product. The marvel to be introduced by this huge expenditure is a new razor blade, an important reason for which is, according to Editor and Publisher, the effort of the company "to keep for itself the business of supplying blades to the users of its razors. The new blade will fit the old Gillette razors, so that the company will face no difficulty in continuing to supply its old customers; but shavers who buy the new frame will have to buy Gillette blades if the present applications for patents are granted." Of course, this motive will not be mentioned in the advertising; the ostensible improvements are that the new blade has round corners and can, it is stated, be rinsed without being taken off. Think of the inestimable boon to our standards of living in having a round-cornered, easily rinsable razor blade! One would indeed be hard pressed to discover a better use for $10,000,000 than in persuading the public to use such a blade—exclusively made by Gillette and having a monopoly value in the market.

THE first of the trials growing out of the December mutiny in the Auburn, New York, prison has ended with the conviction of three mutineers, who are about to be sentenced to the electric chair. Three other convicts were acquitted of murder, but a second trial on the charge of felonious assault will probably result in their being resentenced for life. Still another convict is about to be tried for the murder of a guard. His chances of acquittal are not of the brightest, even though it is evident that, like most of the defendants in the present trial, he was a minor figure in the mutiny, the more desperate leaders having been killed before it was subdued. Thus, all the convicts concerned in this revolt against intolerable conditions are being severely punished. But what about the

men responsible for these conditions? Might it not be possible to invent some sort of humane but conspicuous punishment for these instigators of crime?—for incompetent and sluggardly officials, for guards who neglected their duty, for a Parole Board which denied the convicts all hope of release, and above all for those self-righteous legislators who crowded the prisons with hopeless men, while at the same time withholding the funds which would feed and house them on something approaching the human level.

The Supreme Court Under Fire

THE revolt in the Senate against the confirmation of Mr. Hughes as Chief Justice, unexpected as it was in size and vehemence even by the leaders of the opposition, cannot be understood outside its historical setting. To say, as The New York Herald Tribune did, that this was the doing of degenerate and irresponsible politicians out to make trouble, is palpably absurd. It is equally misleading to account for the revolt as the same sort of objection by political factionalists which has been directed against the Supreme Court throughout the history of the nation. This was the outcome of an attitude toward the Court which has been rapidly gaining strength in recent years; it was a symptom of a basic struggle which is likely profoundly to influence our future.

The significance of the incident was heightened by Mr. Hughes' personal integrity, his distinction as a lawyer and world-wide eminence. Such qualifications would make opposition to his appointment contemptible if the function of the Court were merely to decide ordinary legal disputes, to apply recognized principles of law to controversies between miscellaneous individuals. Defeated litigants may complain of the judge, but after all, the main consideration in the lower courts is to procure for the bench persons who can justifiably muster public confidence against such complaints. But the business of the Supreme Court has of late years come to be of an essentially different nature. In 1825 it rendered but twenty-six opinions; of these, almost half were in suits between individuals involving the common law, while only three arose out of such a national problem as the slave trade. Even fifty years later, but seventeen cases out of one hundred and ninety-three, or less than 10 percent, dealt with questions of constitutionality, taxation and other aspects of public law. Then began a significant change. By 1925, nearly half the cases concerned the control of economic enterprise, taxation, adjustment among the states, and the like. And a new act passed in that year relieved the court of ordinary common-law or statutory cases altogether. It no longer decides any issue like the complaint of farmer Jones against farmer Smith over a disputed boundary line; its province is exclusively the relationships among the various governmental units of our federal system, and the relationships between the individual and the state or national governments. Its function is mainly to interpret the Constitution.

The phrases of the Constitution possess, in many cases, what Judge Hough once called "a convenient vagueness." What is the exact meaning, in particular economic controversies, of words like "liberty," "property," "regulate commerce . . . among the several states" and "due process of law"? Nine men must decide. The possibilities of divergent judgment about such questions can be no better indicated than by the fact that four or three of them frequently disagree with the other five or six. As Frankfurter and Landis comment in their "Business of the Supreme Court," the words of the Constitution on which decisions of the great and delicate problems which come before the Supreme Court are supposedly based "are so unrestrained by their intrinsic meaning, or by their history, or by prior decisions, that they leave the individual Justice free, if indeed they do not compel him, to gather meaning not from reading the Constitution but from reading life." The truth is that the Supreme Court is a supreme policy-making body, which differs from our other branches of government chiefly in that its members hold their positions for life and are, therefore, not responsible to public opinion.

It follows naturally that appointments to the court are of transcendent importance. It follows that it is not enough to appoint a good lawyer. Such power should be exercised, if at all, only by superlatively wise and learned men who are fitted to understand the necessities of society under our rapidly developing industrial civilization. So much could be said even without any knowledge of how the Court had recently performed its duties. But those who have followed its actual decisions and divisions can easily understand why the Senate protest was so vehement.

In recent years the Court has shown a distinct bias in judgment on contentious social and economic questions, a bias from which its own minority, consisting largely of the same Justices in each case, has consistently dissented. The two groups in the Supreme Court represent fundamentally divergent social philosophies in a much greater degree than do the two parties in Congress. Through a line of decisions growing ever more severe, the majority of the Supreme Court has, for instance, limited the ability of organized labor not merely to extend its influence but to protect its existence. In the Hitchman case it validated the "yellow-dog contract" in a way which made illegal the attempt to organize workers who have been forced, as a condition of employment, to sign away their right to join a union. In Truax v. Corrigan it declared that a state could not pass a valid law prohibiting the use of the injunction in labor disputes. It has, in the Duplex Printing and the Bedford Stone Cutters cases, denied the right of unions to refuse to work

on materials made by non-union labor, if these materials were shipped in interstate commerce. It has denied the right of Congress to pass child-labor laws, and of states to enforce minimum wage laws. These are but a few of the outstanding refusals to permit social experiment in matters involving labor. At the same time it has enlarged the scope of organized capital by applying the "rule of reason" in anti-trust cases.

The Supreme Court has also denied the right of the public to regulate public utilities by numerous specific methods applied by public service commissions, and has continually enforced higher valuations. It substituted its own judgment for that of the expert Interstate Commerce Commission in the O'Fallon case. In a decision only this year it declared that the citizens of Baltimore must pay at least an 8 percent return to their street railway system on a valuation based on the present cost of reproducing it, and including a large sum for the value of the franchise given free to the company by the city. Surely the framers of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, declaring nobody should be deprived of his property without due process of law, would have been astounded if they had been told that they were enunciating such a principle! And yet some people still declare that the Court is only applying to such cases a meaning inherent in the Constitution, about which reasonable persons could not disagree—in spite of the fact the Justices themselves do disagree.

The only protection for the public welfare against an anti-social policy of the Court is scrupulous examination of nominees to its bench, and constant and unrelenting criticism of its decisions. It must not be regarded as a sacrosanct retreat of abstract justice, but as a very mundane body of fallible men, who should be called to account by name and made to justify their opinions. There is no wonder that an outcry arose against Mr. Hughes, who in his law practice has been so closely associated with great corporations who have had and will have favors to seek at the hands of the Court, in view of some of the recent appointments. We have in mind particularly that of Mr. Justice Butler, whose chief eminence as a lawyer was derived from the representation of public utilities and railroads in valuation cases, and who as a judge has helped to write into law many of the very same contentions which he previously urged in behalf of his powerful clients. A man may be far above the imputation of corruption and undue influence, and still have been trained in a school which makes probable his future bias for one class of litigant and against another.

We do not argue that partisans of one sort are to be preferred in the Court to partisans of another sort. We do not argue that the Court should push the nation forward faster than it is ready to go, instead of holding it back as at present. But we do believe that it should be far more ready to allow Congress and the state legislatures to deal with new economic and social situations as seems best to the legislative judgment, that it should repose more trust in the work of expert regulating commissions, that it should allow more scope for experiment.

Once in a great while the use of the Constitution as a bar to a thoroughly unjust use of legislative or executive power may be necessary, but the Court's veto should be invoked only rarely and with great caution. Certainly, if the Supreme Court allows itself to remain the refuge of powerful aggregations of private property against the struggle of the masses of people for a better distribution of wealth and opportunity, it will endanger not only its own high place in our political structure, but the internal peace and security of the nation itself. The objection against the Hughes appointment was a wholesome and needed warning.

Mr. Hoover and the Atlantic Pact

THE Washington conference of 1921 succeeded in restricting only one type of naval vessel—the battleship. From that day to this, the chief nations of the world have continued competitive building of cruisers, destroyers and submarines. The London conference now in progress has had two great purposes: the extension of limitation to these other types of vessels, and after the principle of parity for Great Britain and the United States and definite ratios for the other powers has been achieved, the reduction of these limited navies to the lowest possible point. If we lived in a world where common-sense principles held sway, navies would be abolished *in toto*. Once you have acceded to the theory that no country shall have naval equipment larger than that of any other, there is no reason in logic why that parity should not be attained at zero instead of one hundred thousand, three hundred thousand or one million tons. Since we do not live in such a world, it is necessary to achieve a compromise between the demands of the militarists and the pacifists, with the hope and expectation that this compromise may be revised repeatedly in the future in the direction of smaller and smaller fleets.

In weighing the present position in London, we must remember that there is still ground for hope that the conferees will be able to agree upon limitation. No one seriously proposes at present that any power shall continue to build in any class of vessels as recklessly as its own financial resources will permit. Unless the conference comes to a complete impasse and breaks down, the work which should have been done at Washington in 1921, and which the American public generally supposed had been done there, is likely to be accomplished. As between the two most important navies, the British and American, parity has been accepted in principle on both sides. For years after the Washington conference, it was never accepted, whole-heartedly

and completely, by the naval men on either side. They continued to talk, until very recently, about "absolute needs" of each navy which bore no relation to the needs of any other power. That this sort of talk is no longer heard from any responsible individual on either side of the Atlantic is a gain whose importance it would be difficult to overemphasize.

We need to remember it, as everyone must admit, not to be disheartened by the developments in the conference in regard to the second point, reduction of existing armament and the stabilization of the navies at a new low level. As the delegates get down to the discussion of details of this sort, the spirit of the conference is as far as possible from that which existed between Hoover and MacDonald on the Rapidan. Nationalistic pride shows itself in the reluctance of Japan, France and Italy to confess themselves inferior, even if only in size, to Great Britain and the United States, by accepting permanent ratios giving them but a fraction of the tonnage allotted to those countries. Political problems which have nothing to do with naval armament as such are brought into the conference room. Humanitarian protests against the existence of such an obnoxious type of vessel as the submarine are swept aside. The "horse-trading" process goes on, in an atmosphere which itself makes it unlikely that any important achievement will be attained.

The responsibility for this state of affairs is a divided one. The United States must bear the major burden of the refusal to abolish the battleship. England insists on a number of cruisers which will require heavy building by the United States if parity is to be maintained in fact as well as on paper. Japan is holding out both as to submarines and cruisers. It is the French, however, as was predicted long before the conference opened, who present the most serious obstacle to reduction. They refuse to consider the abolition of the submarine; their only concession is a delusive one, that the undersea craft shall in future be subject to the laws of surface warfare and shall not sink a merchant vessel unless there are provisions for the rescue of passengers and seamen—a restriction which is certain to be violated by any country possessing submarines which finds itself engaged in a war. Even more serious is the total tonnage they ask, a tonnage so large that if it is acceded to, the British figures must also be revised upward in drastic fashion. In this case, any expectation of Anglo-American parity at a reasonable level goes glimmering.

The French tonnage proposal, of course, does not come as a bolt from the blue. It had been hinted in general terms in Paris despatches for many months. It is also true that the French neither desire nor expect to build the ships for which they ask. Their tonnage demand is intended for bargaining purposes. If they can get a "Mediterranean Locarno," even without the participation of the United States, they will come down somewhat in their figures. If the United States can be persuaded to join in guaranteeing their security, the reduction will be still greater. Their attitude is, as usual, lucid and logical, from their own point of view. If to the Americans and British it seems something of a hold-up game, the answer is that diplomacy in the past has always consisted of hold-up games, and the French see no reason why they should be imperiled during the dangerous transition to a hypothetical new phase. It is no reply to say, as the Italians are doing, that previous guarantees of French security, such as the Locarno agreements themselves, have not resulted in a reduction of her military and naval equipment. In this case France is offering a definite *quid* for an equally definite *quo*.

The New Republic does not believe in buying France off, as a matter of principle. A certain part of what she asks is, however, something the United States can well afford to give for its own sake. A pact in the Atlantic requiring consultation in the event of war or the threat of war would put no heavier burden upon us than we have already assumed in the Pacific. It would give the Kellogg Pact the implementation it so conspicuously lacks. At the same time, the United States would be entering upon no agreement, expressed or implied, to share in forcible sanctions against an aggressor state, of a sort to which both the Senate and public opinion are still hostile.

President Hoover is confronted by a crisis in the conference. The one great opportunity for spectacular achievement which it presented—the abolition of the battleship—he has failed to grasp, showing an apparent unwillingness to make good on the promise of his Armistice Day speech. In this case even less courage is required than in the other; for there is no reason to believe that an Atlantic Pact, similar to the Four Power Pact in the Pacific, would fail to be ratified by the Senate. Such a treaty would open the door to real reduction of armament, not in 1935, but now. It would save the conference from the danger which threatens it, of a deadlock and a breakdown of negotiations which could only have the most tragic consequences.

"Shooting at the Piano Player"

WHEN Mr. Joseph P. Cotton, Under-secretary of State, was asked by a newspaper correspondent whether he had any comment to make on unfavorable criticism which had been voiced on the work of our delegation at the London conference, he replied that he did not believe in "shooting at the piano player." This may have been merely a witty escape from an embarrassing situation; no one in his position could with discretion discuss the matter. But the same sort of opinion has been voiced by other commentators, both official and unofficial. We are told by persons like

Foreign Secretary Arthur Henderson of Great Britain and Senator David A. Reed of our delegation, and by newspapers like The New York Times, that we must not be impatient, that we must wait and see what the conference will have accomplished when it is over, that results are likely to come in a rush toward the end.

This advice is reminiscent of an unpublished incident which occurred toward the end of the Great War. A journalist asked an under-official of the Department of State why Washington so persistently discouraged all discussion of the war aims of the Allies and the United States. If we were to win the sort of peace which was evidently in President Wilson's mind, public opinion, at least in this country, must be educated to the issues at stake and must be prepared to support him in his negotiations with the Allies. The reply was that public discussion while delicate negotiations were going on would be embarrassing, that we must trust Mr. Wilson to achieve his own ends, that until peace was made there must be a "moratorium on democracy." The official who used these words is, by the way, now one of our delegates at London. And how mistaken he was, history can testify. Public opinion was not only unprepared to support the President at Versailles, but he himself retreated far from the requirements of a just and stable peace.

The trouble with the doctrine is that the achievements of our delegation in arriving at President Hoover's announced goal—not merely limitation but actual reduction of naval armament—depend to a great degree on the tenor and power of public opinion in the United States on specific issues before the conference. Some of our delegates no doubt desire to go as far as possible in the announced direction. But some of them probably do not. There are plenty of big-navy men surrounding our representatives at London. One of the greatest sources of possible reduction and economy would be the abolition or reduction of capital ships. Yet, as The New Republic pointed out two weeks ago, the United States at present appears to be the chief obstacle to battleship abolition. Great Britain certainly would go far in that direction; Japan has expressed no unalterable opposition; but the utmost we have said we are willing to do is to reduce our fighting fleet from eighteen to fifteen, with a possible cessation of building for five years. Why this hesitation? May it not be because the administration is fearful of hostility from the big-navy forces in Congress, the press and elsewhere? Pressure from those who really want a smaller navy instead of a larger one certainly can do no harm in this respect; and without it our delegation is likely to fall far short of the possibilities.

Indeed, the reasonable limitation of cruiser building also depends to a great degree on informed and active opinion in this country. The American formula is that in cruisers we want only parity with Great Britain; and the size of Great Britain's cruiser strength is boosted by the large French building program. But France is willing to reduce her program in return for some kind of guarantee of security. We have not implemented the Kellogg pact in such a way as to assure France that her navy might not find itself in opposition to ours if she were forced to fight an aggressor nation. This position of France may be a bluff maintained for ulterior purposes. But whether it is or not, there is no harm in testing it. How far is this country willing to go in giving France what she says she wants? It would be unwise to promise her that we should apply forcible sanctions against a recognized violator of the Kellogg Pact, but at least we might promise her to consult with the other signatories of the forthcoming naval-limitation treaty in case the peace of the parties should be threatened. That would bind us in advance to no action except consultation; we have previously gone that far in relation to another area by signing the Four Power Pacific Pact in connection with the Washington treaty of limitation in 1921. But there is opposition among the isolationists in the Senate and elsewhere even to doing this much. Knowledge of this opposition undoubtedly restrains our delegates from using levers of this sort to set a lower limit on cruisers than would otherwise be possible. The administration and the delegation need to know how much support they would have in public opinion for such a policy. They cannot know without criticism and discussion.

The time to voice opinions is now, not after the conference is over. Trusting blindly to the omnipotence of delegates is a defeatist strategy. If we want reduction of naval expense, we must be prepared to support the specific measures which will obtain it. Nothing but the force of public opinion has ever checked the natural tendency of national armaments to keep on growing without limit. Our responsible executives must be held strictly to account for results at London, and they must be informed now what we expect of them. If the President comes from the conference with a great and expensive building program, public opinion in this country will be fully as guilty as the demands of other nations.

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Axël and Rimbaud

This article is intended as a general conclusion to a series of articles on contemporary literature, which has been appearing in the issues of March 20, September 25, October 9, November 13, December 18, 1929 and February 12, 1930. These essays have been written as the chapters of a book, which has for its aim to show the development of the French literary school of Symbolism in contemporary French and English literature and to give some account of six contemporary writers who have grown out of it or exploited its methods. I have already, in these articles, discussed three poets, Yeats, Valéry and Eliot, and two novelists, Proust and Joyce. I want also to deal with a sixth writer, Gertrude Stein, who has carried the methods of Symbolism further than any of the others; but, as this essay will be based principally upon articles which have already appeared in The New Republic (April 13, 1927, and February 20, 1929), I do not want merely to reprint this material in a slightly different form.—E. W.

I HAVE shown the influence of the French Symbolism of the end of the nineteenth century in the work of six contemporary writers—writers who, for the most part, represent an extension of its methods and ideals far beyond anything attempted by the original group of Symbolists. These esthetic ideals of Symbolism implied, however, a point of view which also received a further development and a fuller expression at the hands of this second set of writers: they formulated it more emphatically than their predecessors had done, and they applied it to wider fields of experience.

> One's great objection to the Symbolist school [writes André Gide] is its lack of curiosity about life. With perhaps the single exception of Vielé-Griffin (and it is this that gives his verse so special a savor), all were pessimists, renunciants, resignationists, "tired of the sad hospital" which the earth seemed to them—our "monotonous and unmerited fatherland," as Laforgue used to say. Poetry became for them a refuge, the only escape from the hideous realities; they threw themselves into it with a desperate fervor.
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> Divesting life as they did of everything they considered mere vain delusion, doubting whether it were "worth living," it was not astonishing that they should have supplied no new ethic—contenting themselves with that of Vigny, which at most they dressed up in irony—but only an esthetic.

This ideal of renunciation of the experience of the outside world for the experience solely of the imagination, this withdrawal of the individual from society, did, however, give rise to a point of view quite distinct from the stoicism of Vigny. It had already been indicated in England by Walter Pater:

> Those childish days of revery [he writes of "Marius the Epicurean" (1885)] when he played at priests, played in many another day dream, working his way from the actual present, as far as he might, with a delightful sense of escape in replacing the outer world of other people by an inward world as himself really cared to have it, had made him a kind of "idealist." He was become aware of the possibility of a large dissidence between an inward and somewhat exclusive world of vivid personal apprehension, and the unimproved, unheightened reality of the life of those about him. As a consequence, he was ready now to concede, somewhat more easily than others, the first point of his new lesson, that the individual is to himself the measure of all things, and to rely on the exclusive certainty to himself of his own impressions. To move afterwards in that outer world of other people, as though taking it at their estimate, would be possible henceforth only as a kind of irony.

But this doctrine was preached in that generation perhaps most uncompromisingly and clearly in a work of which Yeats has told us that he read it in his early manhood "slowly and laboriously as one reads a sacred book" and which Lalou, the author of the "History of Contemporary French Literature," has described as "the 'Faust' of the later nineteenth century."

Villiers de l'Isle-Adam's "Axël," which was published in 1890, is a sort of long dramatic poem in prose, which, as it was the last thing Villiers wrote, sums up and gives final expression to his peculiar idealist point of view. Count Axël of Auersburg is a young man "of an admirable virile beauty," with "a paleness almost radiant" and "an expression mysterious from thought." He inhabits, in an atmosphere half Wagnerian, half romantic-Gothic, an ancient and isolated castle in the depths of the Black Forest, where he has given himself up to the study of the hermetic philosophy and is being prepared by a Rosicrucian adept for the ultimate mystic revelations. And this castle entombs its own secret: when Napoleon's armies had menaced Frankfort, the people from miles around had brought in gold, jewels and other valuables to be deposited in the Frankfort National Bank, and it had been decided to send the gigantic treasure, amounting to three hundred and fifty million thalers, under an escort headed by Axël's father, to a secret place of safe-keeping. But certain villainous government officials had plotted to murder the Count and possess themselves of the treasure, making it appear that he had allowed himself to fall into the hands of the French. The Count, however, before succumbing to this treachery, has had the time to hide the treasure underground some-

where in his vast estate, imparting the secret to no one but his wife, who has died without divulging it. Now, during the winter when the drama opens, a cousin of Axël's, the Commander Kaspar, has come to the castle and got wind of the treasure. To the Commander, who declares "I am *real life!*" and who is represented as an insupportable vulgarian, Axël's life of pure reflection and imagination seems morbid, unprofitable and empty, and he tries to tempt his young cousin away by telling him of the glories of the court and the pleasures of amorous conquest; but the fastidious and fiercely proud young Count brushes these suggestions politely aside. When, however, the Commander comes to touch upon the treasure, which he urges Axël to take steps to recover, the young man instantly summons a servant and orders two swords to be brought. He announces now, in resounding terms, his contempt for the Commander's conceptions of honor and pleasure, explains his defiance of and voluntary exile from a society which has betrayed and murdered his father, asserts his supremacy and his haughty independence in the forest fastness where he has chosen to dwell, reviews at overpowering length the loyal forces he could summon to his defence, describes the enormous masked trenches in which he could swallow up the largest armies—and in a duel runs the Commander through.

In the meantime, however, a young and beautiful French noblewoman has discovered, in the convent to which she has been sent, the Book of Hours of Axël's mother in which the latter has hidden the secret of the whereabouts of the treasure. Escaping from the convent, where they have tried to make her take the veil, she finds her way to the castle of Auersburg, and Axël offers her a lodging for the night. Sara waits till she thinks everybody is asleep, then descends secretly to the family tombs in the crypt beneath the castle. Seeking out a certain heraldic death's-head, she presses a button between its eyes with the point of a dagger, and from behind a sliding panel, comes pouring forth the treasure—cataracts of glowing gold-pieces, cloudbursts of pearls and diamonds. Immediately, however, she becomes aware that Axël has been watching her unnoticed, and whipping out two fine pistols of steel, fires them at him one after the other—only wounding him, however, slightly in the chest. Axël seizes her and wrests away her dagger, with which she had been preparing to attack him, but in a moment they have fallen in love.

Sara turns out to be a Rosicrucian herself: her escape from the convent has been signalized by the blooming of the mystic rose. She and Axël embrace in an ecstasy: for the first time, these two chaste and haughty spirits have found objects worthy of their passion. "Say, beloved," breathes Sara to Axël, speaking as if in a dream, "wouldst thou travel to those lands where the caravans pass in the shade of the palm-trees of Cashmir or Mysore? Wouldst to Bengal to choose in the bazaars, roses, stuffs and Armenian maidens as white as the ermine's skin? Wouldst raise armies and, like a young Cyaxares, cause rebellion in northern Iran?—Or shall we rather set sail for Ceylon, with its white elephants with vermilion towers, with its fiery macaws in the trees and with its dwellings all drenched in sun, where the rain of the fountains falls in the marble courts? . . . How delightful to fasten our skates on the roads of pale Sweden! or in the region of Christiania, among the dazzling fjords and passes of the mountains of Norway!"—and so on for four solid pages. They are holding the whole world in their hands—they have love, youth, social position, power, the supernatural backing of the Rosicrucian spirits and three hundred and fifty million thalers' worth of treasure—"all dreams to realize," says Sara.

But here Axël, "grave and impenetrable," strikes an unexpected note. "Why realize them?" he asks. "They are so beautiful!" And to her cries to "come and live!" he replies: "Live? No. Our existence is full—and its cup is running over! What hour-glass can count the hours of this night! The future? . . . Sara, believe me when I say it: we have just exhausted the future. All the realities, what will they be tomorrow in comparison with the mirages we have just lived? . . . The quality of our hope no longer permits us the earth. What can we ask from this miserable star where our melancholy lingers on, save the pale reflections of such instants? The Earth, dost thou say? What has the Earth ever realized, that drop of frozen mud, whose Time is only a lie in the heavens? It is the Earth, dost thou not see? which has become the illusion! Admit, Sara: we have destroyed, in our strange hearts, the love of life—and it is in REALITY indeed that ourselves have become our souls. To consent, after this, to live, would be but sacrilege against ourselves. Live? our servants will do that for us. . . . Oh, the external world! Let us not be made dupes by the old slave, chained to our feet in broad daylight, who promises us the keys to a palace of enchantments, when it clutches only in its clenched black fist a handful of ashes! Just now, thou didst speak of Bagdad, of Palmyra, of—what was it?—Jerusalem? If thou didst but know what a heap of uninhabitable stones, what a sterile and burning soil, what nests of disgusting creatures, those wretched places in *reality* are—though they appear to thee all gleaming with memories far away in that Orient which thou carriest within thyself! And what sadness, what ennui, would oppress thee merely to look upon them!"

He proposes that they shall at once commit suicide. Sara demurs: she suggests one night of love. But Axël begs her not to be trivial. "Oh, my beloved," he tries to explain to her, "tomorrow I should be the prisoner of thy wondrous body! Its delights would have enchained the chaste energy which animates me now!"—and then, their love could never endure: some cursed day they would find it burnt out. She pleads still: "But remember the human race!" "The example I leave it," he

answers, "is well worth those it has given me." "Those who fight for Justice say that to kill oneself is to desert." "The sentence of beggars," he declares, "for whom God is but a way to earn their bread." "It might be nobler to think of the general good!" "The universe devours itself: at that price is the good of all." And he persuades her: in a rapture, they drink a goblet of poison together and perish on the spot.

It will easily be seen that Villiers's hero is the type of all the heroes of the Symbolists, of our day as well as his: Pater's contemplative, inactive Marius, the exquisitely sensitive young men of his "Imaginary Portraits"; Huysmans's Des Esseintes, who arranges for himself an existence designed to cut him off from the world and to promote the cultivation of special personal sensations, who sleeps during the day and stays awake at night and who, excited by the novels of Dickens, having set out to visit London, turns back at the railway station, because, after a foggy day in Paris, a visit to Galignani's and a dinner of oxtail soup, haddock, beefsteak and ale in an English restaurant, remembering that he has left behind his toothbrush and that when, on a former occasion, he had visited Holland, he had been sadly disillusioned, he has decided that the real London cannot possibly fail to fall short of the one which he has been imagining; Laforgue's Lohengrin, who, the night of his wedding, shrinking from his Elsa, declines to consummate his marriage with her, but apostrophizes his pillow as his real bride until it turns into a swan and carries him away out the window—his Salome, "the victim of having tried, like all of us, to live in the imaginary instead of in the honest everyday"; the Hamlet of Mallarmé's posthumous drama, "Igitur," who is the only character in the play and does nothing but soliloquize. It is difficult to agree with M. Lalou as to the literary merits of "Axël," but it is certainly true, as he has said, that it is a sort of *fin de siècle* "Faust." And if we compare Villiers's point of view with the point of view of the Romantics, we see plainly the fundamental difference between Symbolism and Romanticism. The later movement, as I said in my first article, was an antidote to nineteenth-century Naturalism as the earlier had been an antidote to the Neo-Classicism of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and corresponds to Romanticism—is, in fact, an outgrowth of it. But whereas it was characteristic of the Romantics to seek experience for its own sake—love, travel, politics—to try the possibilities of life; the Symbolists, though they also have formulas, though they also escape conventions, carry on their experimentation and exploration merely in the field of imagination—the possibilities of thought are the only possibilities they care to try. And whereas the Romantic, in his individualism, had usually revolted against or defied that society with which he felt himself at odds, the Symbolist has detached himself from society and made it his aim to remain indifferent to it: he will cultivate his unique personal sensibility even beyond the point to which the Romantics did, but he will not assert his individual will—he will end by withdrawing the field of literature altogether, as his spokesman Axël had done the arena of life, from an objective to a subjective world, from an experience shared with society in general to an experience enjoyed by the individual in solitude.

The heroes of the Symbolists would rather drop out of life than have to struggle to make themselves a place there—they forego their mistresses, preferring dreams. And the heroes of the contemporary writers whom I have been discussing in this series are in general as uncompromising as Axël—sometimes, indeed, the authors themselves seem almost to have patterned their lives on the mythology of the earlier generation: the Owen Aherne and Michael Robartes of Yeats, with their lonely towers and mystic chambers, their addiction to the hermetic philosophy—and Yeats's own astrological researches, his own reiterated admonitions, in spite of his considerable public activity, of the inferiority of the life of action to the life of solitary brooding dreams; Paul Valéry's M. Teste, sunken also in solitary brooding so far below the level where the mind is occupied in applying itself to particular practical problems that it is no longer interested even in thoughts which have for their objects particular fields of experience, but only in the general processes of thought—and Teste's inventor, the great poet, who cannot bring himself to write poetry, who can scarcely even bring himself to explain to us why he cannot bring himself to be a poet; the ineffectual fragmentary imagination, the impotence and resignation of the poet of "Gerontion" and "The Waste Land"; the supine and helpless hero of "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu," with his application of prodigious intellectual energy to differentiating the emotions and sensations which arise from his passive contacts with life and with his preference for lying in bed by himself and worrying about Albertine's absences to getting up and taking her about—Proust himself, who in his own life put into practice Des Esseintes's regime of keeping the shutters closed by day and exercising his sensibility at night, whose whole elaborate work might have been based on Axël's contention, apropos of foreign travel, that the reality never comes up to the dream; Joyce's Bloom, with his animated consciousness and his inveterate ineptitude; the hero of his new novel, who taxes our patience even more than M. Teste and the hero of "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu," at whose slumbers we have so frequently to assist, by obliging us to make his acquaintance exclusively under the difficult conditions of a single night's sleep (though Joyce, by combining Symbolism with Naturalism has produced a more satisfactory work of art than any of the other writers whom I have mentioned and remains the best equilibrated of all); and Gertrude Stein, who has withdrawn into herself further, who has spun herself a more impenetrable cocoon, than

even Michael Robartes, M. Teste, Gerontion, H. C. Earwicker or Albertine's asthmatic lover.

II

One of the principal causes, of course, of this withdrawal of the *fin de siècle* poets from the general life of their time was the fact that in the utilitarian society which followed the industrial revolution and the rise of the middle class, the poet seemed to have no place. It was found necessary to defend the pursuit of intellectual subtlety and beauty, and in cultivating them one was always conscious of being at odds with popular opinion. And by the end of the nineteenth century, this society was going so strong that, from the poets' point of view, it had come to seem hopeless to oppose it. Some of the most individualistic of the Romantics—a Shelley or a Rousseau—had had visions of universal happiness of which later inheritors of a part of their tradition, such as Shaw, were attempting to promote the realization through the new sciences of economics and sociology. But if one had no sociological or no satiric bent and so could not turn society to account, one did not pit oneself against it or attract attention by crying out about one's irreconcilability with it: one simply got away from it as completely and ingeniously as possible.

The poets of the end of the century, when they happened to be incapable of Naturalism, were thus peculiarly maladjusted persons. We are less conscious of this in the case of most of the Symbolist leaders whom I have mentioned, because these were for the most part not particularly vigorous personalities and rather easily resigned themselves: Pater and Mallarmé were professors, who lived quietly and modestly among their books; Corbière and Laforgue were wistful children, who were dying of tuberculosis in their twenties; and for Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, a man of distinguished family who had plumbed the depths of poverty and misery in Paris to emerge finally, with health and disposition ruined, as a reputation of the literary cafés, it was easy to reject, in the role of the high-born Axël, imaginary honors and treasures. But another hero and pioneer of Symbolism, of whom I have not yet spoken, was to follow quite a different course: of all these early Symbolist leaders, Arthur Rimbaud was the only one who fought destiny with some of the fierceness of the Romantics and it is peculiarly illuminating to consider where this combat eventually brought him.

Rimbaud was born in the north of France, the son of a pious and strong-willed countrywoman and of an army officer who, during the years of his campaigning, paid little attention to his family and who finally abandoned them altogether. A prize scholar at his provincial school, Rimbaud had run, by the time he was nineteen, through the whole repertoire of modern ideas, passing from a rigorous religious training to romantic atheism and paganism; flaming up, at the fall of the Second Empire, with social-revolutionary idealism; and reading afterwards a good deal of science, including Darwin—as he had, in poems written between sixteen and nineteen (1870-73), "lived, in three years," as one of his biographers has said, "the literary evolution of modern times." Rimbaud's earliest poetry was in a familiar romantic vein, to which, however, he soon brought fresh strong colors and new elements of irony and invective. He had already, at seventeen, attempted, in a letter to a friend, an original reëstimate of the Romantics, of whom he asserted that they had never properly been judged, and proposed at the same time a new theory of poetry which, though more violent and apocalyptic than most expressions of Symbolist doctrine, predicted the advent of Symbolism:

> I say that one must be a *visionary*—that one must make oneself a VISIONARY.
>
> The poet makes himself a *visionary* through a long immense and reasoned *derangement* of *all the senses*. All forms of love, of suffering, of madness; he seeks himself, he exhausts all poisons in himself to keep only their quintessences. An indescribable torture in which he has need of all faith, all superhuman force, in which he becomes, among all, the great sick man, the great criminal, the great accursed—and the supreme Scholar!—for he arrives at the *unknown*—Because he has cultivated his soul, already rich, more than anyone else! He arrives at the unknown; and even if, driven insane, he should end by losing his grasp on his visions, he has seen them! Let him perish, in his plunging, by unheard-of unnamable things: other horrible workers will come; they will begin at those horizons where their predecessor sank! . . .
>
> The poet is a true Stealer of Fire.
>
> He is charged with humanity, with the animals themselves; he must make his inventions felt, handled, heard. If what he brings back from *beyond* has form, he gives form; if it is formless, he gives the formless. To find a language;
>
> —All speech, furthermore, being idea, the time of a universal language will come! One has to be an academician—deader than a fossil—to make a dictionary of any language at all. The weak-minded would begin *thinking* about the first letter of the alphabet and might quickly end by going mad!—
>
> This language will be of the soul for the soul, summing up all, perfumes, sounds, colors, catching hold of thought with thought and drawing it on. The poet would define the quantity of unknown awakening in his time in the universal soul: he would give more than the formula of his thought, more than the annotation of his march to *Progress!* An enormity becoming a norm absorbed by all, he would be a true *multiplier of progress!* . . .
>
> I habituated myself [he wrote later] to simple hallucination: I would see quite honestly a mosque instead of a factory, a school of drummers composed of angels, calashes on the roads of the sky, a drawing room at the bottom of a lake: monsters, mysteries; the announcement of a musical comedy would cause horrors to rise before me.
>
> Then I explained my magical sophistries by the hallucination of words!

> I ended by finding sacred the disorder of my intelligence. . . .

Rimbaud had apparently arrived at the point of view set forth in his letter independently of the influence of any other French poet, and, in the productions described in the later passage, had merely been giving expression to a unique personal way of seeing—though he was to know something of English literature and had probably read Poe's poetry as early as 1872. A few months after writing this letter, however, he had made the acquaintance of Paul Verlaine, and it may be said that, with one another's encouragement, they worked out a new kind of poetry together. It is true that Rimbaud was the bolder and more original, but it is also true that Verlaine had a special predisposition toward the sort of thing Rimbaud was trying to do: his own verse, though of a fairly conventional character, was already tending toward pure musical effects and taking unauthorized metrical liberties.

In any case, the effect of Rimbaud on Verlaine was both profoundly to influence the latter's poetry and to play havoc with his life. Verlaine, then twenty-seven, had just been married and his wife was expecting a baby; but his impressionable feminine nature, at once rakish and sentimental, was delighted and infatuated by Rimbaud. Rimbaud, who, at that time, for all the boy's blue eyes and apple cheeks which were combined with his ungainly figure and his large bumpkin's hands and feet, for all his unsteady adolescent's voice with its northern country accent, had already his hard core and his will, and now brought to the role of outlaw all the indomitable moral force which he had inherited from his mother even though her narrowness and rigor, her merciless domination of his childhood, had been driving him to take the part of Satan. A provincial in Paris without a penny, as well as a man of genius at an age when most boys are only beginning to cherish their first doubts and hazard their first original phrases, Rimbaud's position would by no means have been easy even if his nature had not been intractable. He ran amuck in the literary circles to which Verlaine introduced him, and, after disrupting Verlaine's household, carried him off on a vagabondage of adventure through Belgium and England. Verlaine had already, presumably, become rather discontented with his bourgeois domestic life—he was obliged to live with his wife's family—and Rimbaud had quickly infected him with his own ambition of becoming a supreme Visionary and a supreme outlaw against bourgeois society: "I had, indeed, in all sincerity of spirit," Rimbaud writes in one of his prose poems, "undertaken to restore him to his primitive condition of child of the Sun—and we wandered, fed with the wine of thieves'-kitchens and the hard-tack of the road, I eager to find the place and the formula." But this program was too much for Verlaine, whom Rimbaud ridiculed and bedeviled and who was made uneasy by memories of his wife; her child had in the meantime been born and she was now bringing an action for divorce. Rimbaud himself, in the ruthless confrontation of the realities of his situation which followed this hallucinated period, was aware of the extent to which he had made Verlaine a victim of his own special maladjustment—and of the extent to which he himself, in regard to that maladjustment, had been taking a line of least resistance: "Beside his dear sleeping form," he makes Verlaine say, in "Une Saison en Enfer," "how many hours of the night I have watched, seeking why he should desire so furiously to escape from reality. Never before had man such an ambition. I recognized—without fearing for him—that he might be a serious danger to society. Has he perhaps secrets to change life? No, I would tell myself, he is only seeking them." Rimbaud had always been given to seeing himself in the role of a criminal: "Even as a child," he writes, "I used to admire the incorrigible convict on whom the jail is always closing again. . . . He had for me more strength than a saint, more good sense than a traveler—and himself, himself alone! for witness of his glory and his reason." And now he makes Verlaine play at this game with him: on one occasion, he gets them both arrested for discussing imaginary robberies and murders in the railway station at Arras.

At last, after several quarrels and separations, Verlaine and Rimbaud parted definitively—though not until Verlaine had been sentenced to two years in prison for shooting Rimbaud in the wrist, and until Rimbaud, meeting Verlaine at Stuttgart after the latter's release and finding that he had while in jail repented of his former errors and taken refuge in the bosom of the Church, had first got Verlaine drunk and made him blaspheme his faith, "cause" as Rimbaud wrote in a letter, "the ninety-eight wounds of Our Lord to bleed," and then—according, at least, to the legend—as another altercation arose, knocked him down with a club and left him unconscious in the Black Forest.

Rimbaud had, in the meantime, while Verlaine was in jail, returned to his mother's house in the Ardennes, where, during the spring and summer of 1873, he composed that extraordinary masterpiece, "Une Saison en Enfer," in which the hysteria of the late nineteenth century, not very different from the hysteria of our own time—an age recently deprived of religious faith and already becoming disillusioned with social utopianism, science and the cult of art as an end in itself—was crystallized in the sharp and dazzling fragments of what Verlaine called a "diamond prose." But now, not merely unreconciled to the bourgeois world and at the center of the conflict of its intellectual currents, but disillusioned at last with all these, disgusted with his own incoherence and even with the literature which he had created to give it expression, he had planned an escape from the European reality by a more effective means than self-hallucination.

Rimbaud had always thought of himself as a peasant, as a member of "the inferior race," the blue-eyed Gauls whom the Romans had conquered—and he had always longed for some life that would take the place of the lost brutality and innocence of Europe, for the non-Christian, non-nineteenth-century life of the Orient, of Africa:

> Priests, professors, masters, [he now writes] you are mistaken when you give me up to justice. I have never been of those people; I have never been a Christian; I am of the race who sang in torture; I do not understand the laws; I haven't the moral sense, I am a brute; you are making a mistake. Yes, my eyes are closed to your light. I am a nigger, a beast. But I may be saved. You yourselves are false niggers, savage and grasping maniacs. Tradesman, you are a nigger; magistrate, you are a nigger; general, you are a nigger; emperor, old itching palm, you are a nigger: you have drunk of an untaxed liquor from Satan's distillery. This people is inspired by fever and cancer. Invalids and old men are so respectable that they ought to be boiled. The wisest course is to quit this continent, where madness prowls about to provide these wretches with hostages. I am entering into the true kingdom of Cham.
>
> Do I know Nature? do I know myself—*No more words.* I bury the dead in my belly. Shouts, drums, dance, dance, dance! I do not even foresee the hour when the white men will land among us and when I shall be nobody.
>
> Hunger, thirst, shouts, dance, dance, dance, dance!

Having finished his "pagan book, nigger book," as he called it before he gave it its final name, "A Season in Hell," he went down in the autumn to Paris, where the literary men in the cafés, since the scandal of his escapades with Verlaine, received him with insulting coldness. He returned to his mother's house and burnt up all the copies of "Une Saison en Enfer" which had just been sent him by the publisher, as well as all the other manuscripts in his possession.

And now he proceeded to carry out the resolution which he had announced in the work he had burnt. Shutting himself up and studying continuously, sometimes for twenty-four hours at a time, he applies himself to learning the modern languages—he had always had a linguistic gift—useful for travel and trade: English, German, Spanish, Italian, Russian, Arabic and Greek. And as a few years before, just out of school, without money and almost without friends, he had kept obstinately running away to Paris—so now, determined to turn his back on Europe, as moneyless and more friendless than before, he tries repeatedly to reach the East. First, after teaching for a year in Germany, he sells his trunk and makes his way to Italy, with the intention of joining a friend who has a soap-factory in the Cyclades, but, attempting to travel to Brindisi on foot, he gets a sunstroke and is repatriated by the French consul. At Marseilles, he manages to live by unloading cargo and helping truck-drivers, and then enlists in the Carlist army, but finally returns to his mother's house. Next, in order to get passage to Java, he enlists for six years in the Dutch army—lands at Batavia, deserts, joins the crew of an English sailing-vessel, goes back to France and home again. The next year, under the pretext of learning German, he succeeds in getting out of his mother enough money to take him to Vienna, where, immediately upon arriving, as the result of treating his coachman to a drink, he is robbed of his coat with all his money, and finds himself obliged to sell key-rings and shoe-laces in the street till he gets into a row with the Austrian police and is sent back to France again. Soon, however, he sets out on foot for Hamburg, whence he hopes to find some way of getting to the East, but where, instead, he falls in with a circus, with which he travels as interpreter and barker on a tour of the Scandinavian countries, finally getting himself sent back by the consul from Stockholm to Charleville again. On his next attempt, after earning a little money unloading cargo at Marseilles, he buys passage to Alexandria, but on the ship develops gastric fever from a rubbing of his ribs against his abdomen caused by too much walking—and goes back to Charleville.

Three months afterwards, however—in the spring of 1878—by way of Switzerland, Italy and Egypt, he succeeds in reaching the island of Cyprus and gets a job as foreman in one of the quarries. But he catches typhoid and by the spring of the next year is back with his family again. When a friend inquires whether he is writing anything, Rimbaud replies with annoyance and scorn: "I don't do anything with that any more"; and when, on the eve of his departure the next spring, he hears one of his friends congratulate another on having just bought some Lemerre editions—Lemerre had been the publisher of the Parnassians—he bursts out: "That's a lot of money wasted. It's absolutely idiotic to buy books—and especially books like that. You've got a ball between your shoulders that ought to take the place of books. When you put books on your shelves, you only succeed in covering up the leprosies of the old walls." He looks for work in Cyprus, in Egypt, in Abyssinia, in all the ports of the Red Sea, and finally finds a job at Aden working at twelve francs a day for a firm of French coffee importers. This company presently sends him to Harrar, where a new branch is being started, and later makes Rimbaud the director of all its expeditions into Somaliland and Galla. Rimbaud was the first European to penetrate into the country of Ogadain; and on his return from an extremely dangerous expedition to one of the native potentates, he traced for the first time the itinerary afterwards taken by the Ethiopian railway. At last, however, he quarrels with his employers and, after adventures of various kinds, sets up at Harrar a trading post of his own, where he traffics in sugar, rice, silk, cotton-goods and arms, sending out his own caravans, intriguing with the native potentates, entertaining European travelers with brilliant and

cynical conversation and maintaining a harem of native women carefully selected from different regions in order that he may exercise, in their society, the remarkable capacity for learning the local languages which has been one of the causes of his success. During this period, he wrote to a friend on Le Temps asking to be sent as war correspondent to cover the Italian-Abyssinian campaign. This proposal was declined but, in answering his letter, the friend informed him that his poems, preserved by Verlaine, were being published and read in Paris and that, in the circles of the new Symbolist school, he had become a legendary figure, an attempt having even been made to found a literary system on Rimbaud's sonnet on the colors of the vowels. But at this period, Rimbaud's only literary concern is to supply reports to the Geographical Society, and, when he refers to his poetry at all, it is to dismiss it as "absurd" or "disgusting." "I couldn't go on with it," he told his sister later. "I should have gone mad—and besides, it was awful stuff." The only ambition he now admits is to make enough money to marry a French girl and retire from his present business—"to have at least one son whom I could spend the rest of my life bringing up according to my own ideas, cultivating and arming him with the completest education that one can get in this age, and whom I could see become a famous engineer, powerful and rich through science."

One winter, however, when Rimbaud had been in the East for twelve years, he found himself suffering from what he took at first to be varicose veins, but which, as he asked no medical advice, but kept on walking and riding, as if he could dominate even disease by his stubborn and brutal will, had presently caused his leg to swell so that he was obliged to direct his business from bed. At last the pain became so severe that he was compelled to surrender altogether and have himself carried on a litter to Aden, a terrible journey of twelve days, on the second of which he spent sixteen hours without shelter under pouring rain. The English doctor at Aden told Rimbaud that he would be unable to treat him properly, and shipped him back to France, where, in the hospital at Marseilles, his leg was amputated. For the last time, Rimbaud returned to his mother's: he tried to get about painfully on a crutch, but the infection had spread through his whole system and, after a miserable summer of fever and anguish, with a fixed idea of returning to the East, he had himself sent back to Marseilles. There he died, attended only by his sister. It was harvest-time on the family farm, and her absence was bitterly resented by their mother, who, while Arthur had been away, had refused to get for him instruments and books which he had sent her the money to buy. Isabelle had never known until after her brother's death, when she read about it in the papers, that Arthur had ever written poetry, but she heard him "end his life in a sort of continual dream, saying strange things very gently in a voice that would have charmed me if it had not pierced my heart. What he was saying was all dreams, yet it was not the same thing at all as when he had had the fever. It was as if he did it on purpose. . . . He mixed all sorts of things up, and with art." In his final delirium, he insisted upon dictating a letter to a steamship company arranging for a passage to the East.

One is always guilty of over-simplification when one attempts to use people's careers to point particular morals. Rimbaud, in his character of African trader, had obviously succeeded at last in emulating his father and his mother both at once—following the example of the former, who had campaigned in Italy, Algiers and the Crimea, by his wanderings and his intolerant independence, at the same time that, by his sound character as a trader and his concentration upon making money, he was achieving the only sort of success which his mother could understand. Yet Rimbaud is really one of those figures who seem to have a typical significance, his life moves us, it seems suddenly to illuminate some acute phase of the human situation, as if it were a great play. The other poets of whom I have been writing were as little at home in their world as Rimbaud, and they were mostly as disillusioned with its enthusiasms; but they had remained in it and managed to hold their place in it by excreting, like patient molluscs, iridescent shells of literature—whereas Rimbaud, with genius equal to any's, perhaps superior to that of any, rejected the whole European situation, not merely nineteenth-century society, but the kind of sensibility which one cultivated when one tried to live at odds with it and the kind of literature to which this gave rise, escaping to a life of pure action and a more primitive civilization.

And if actions and writings can be judged on the same plane, Rimbaud's life seems more satisfactory than the works of any of his Symbolist contemporaries, than those of most of his Symbolist successors, who stayed at home and stuck to letters. Rimbaud was far from finding in the East that ideal barbarous state he was seeking; even at Harrar, during the days of his prosperity, he is full of anxieties and curses—but his career has an energy, a moral interest and a tragic completeness which leave us with the feeling of having witnessed the human spirit, strained to its most resolute and in possession of its highest faculties, breaking itself in the effort to escape, first from humiliating compromise, and then from chaos equally humiliating. When we consider, on the other hand, even the masterpieces of that literature which Rimbaud had helped to found and from which he turned away, we are oppressed by a sullenness, a lethargy, a sense of energies ingrown and sometimes festering. Even the poetry of the noble Yeats, still repining through middle age over the emotional miscarriages of youth, is dully weighted, for all its purity and candor, by a leaden acquiescence in defeat.

(*To be concluded.*)

EDMUND WILSON.

What Next in India?

WHILE attempting to gauge the driving power behind recent events in Lahore and the subsequent happenings on January 26, which has been designated by Indian nationalists as the Day of Independence, it may be well to offer a rough analysis of the different elements in the political situation that go to make up the composite life of modern India during her present revolutionary mood.

As a practical issue, we can place little stress at such a crisis as this on the Moderates, who recently met in Madras and passed resolutions along the old constitutional lines, with petitions to the British Parliament. The chief leaders in this small intellectual group are among my close personal friends, and mentally I have a strong sympathy with their own temperamental attitude of caution in a period of rapid change. Yet they themselves, perhaps, would be the foremost to acknowledge that their exhortation carries very little weight outside the quiet circle of a few like-minded individuals. It does not reach the masses. There is no corporate public opinion behind it. They have never once attempted to ride the storm as Mahatma Gandhi has so often done. Their intellectual outlook, together with their power of seeing the other side as clearly as their own, has made them hesitate too long.

Therefore, in its present hurricane temper, the vast illiterate population of India, now articulate for the first time, pays them little attention. The crowd passes them by and sweeps along to Chowpati Beach in Bombay, or to the open sands in Madras, or to the burning *ghat* at Calcutta, where Jatindranath Das's body was burned in the presence of a multitude that no one could number. His self-imposed martyrdom, after a hunger strike which ended in death on the sixty-third day, has done more to drive the masses of India forward into a cyclone of whirling revolution than all the work which the Moderates have done through years of patient constitutional reform to prevent it.

There is a close parallel between this attitude of the Moderates in India and the pathetic figure of Kerensky in the early days of the Russian Revolution. It may be that things will not move so fast in India as they did in Russia during the autumn of 1917; for there is an essential conservatism in the village life which cannot easily be overcome; but after having personally passed through the exciting days of the non-coöperation movement, in 1921, it would by no means be difficult for me to imagine what would happen, with the political barometer so low, if the storm swept round again.

To say all this is not at all to depreciate the ultimate steadying value of the Moderates or to underestimate their moral courage. But the pace at which things are moving in India is too strong for them and they are left behind bewildered. In the non-coöperation movement of 1921, I witnessed the very same thing happening. They knew in their heart of hearts that they had no appeal that could reach the masses, and so they wisely kept aloof until the tyranny of mob excitement was overpast.

Yet while they thus hold back and hesitate to take the plunge along with Gandhi, whom they love and admire with all their hearts, they find themselves being carried forward irresistibly on the tide of events far beyond their depth. We hear them speaking at their own Madras conference with an urgency almost of despair, insisting that the Labor government shall quicken its pace before it is too late. They have issued the following appeal:

> We firmly believe that the only rallying cry which can unite Hindus, Mohammedans, Christians, Sikhs, Parsis, the Europeans, the propertied classes and the laboring classes, can be Dominion status, not as a distant goal or ideal, but as an object capable of achievement within the shortest possible limit of time. Those of us who believe in the peaceful evolution of India, cannot but deplore that any action of the people of this country should raise the cry of independence and involve our future in turmoil and confusion. Believing that the Labor government and Lord Irwin are in real earnest in seeking an acceptable solution of the constitutional problem, we should be guilty of utter short-sightedness and lack of statesmanship if we fail to seize the opportunity that has been extended to us.

Such an appeal would have been eminently reasonable if it had been made earlier, when Pundit Motilal Nehru had just issued, as chairman, the All-Parties Report on Dominion status. But that rare opportunity was lost by a Conservative government in Great Britain at a critical moment when Lord Birkenhead was Secretary of State for India. These reactionary forces in both Houses of Parliament always rally whenever any forward step in Indian policy is suggested, and they are to be found in all political parties. It is the knowledge of this fact that paralyzes the Moderates and makes them hopeless. At the present time, for instance, Lord Reading and Mr. Lloyd George are watching every sign of movement forward with a view to crying halt. Therefore the intellectuals in India are sadly aware that there is hardly any more chance of their own moderate program's being accepted in London than that of the extremists. It is not unlikely that they will be driven, by reaction in England, either to seek shelter again under Gandhi's banner, or else to stand aloof from the political struggle.

When we come to the National Congress it is clear, to those who understand the inner situation, that Mahatma Gandhi has by no means lost his

control. Yet the ever-increasing impatience of the younger leaders, who were the rank and file of the non-coöperation movement of 1921, makes him constantly defer to their demands and advance somewhat further than he would wish on his own account to go. His moral authority is unchallenged. But he himself is sensitive to the new atmosphere of Young India which he breathes in with every breath. His deep affection for Pundit Jawahar Lal Nehru is also carrying him along with the rapid current of the times. He has passed his sixtieth year; but he is amazingly young at heart, and a daring course has its own attraction for him.

The question may be asked how far he is likely to continue to maintain his doctrine of *Ahimsa* (non-violence) if another Amritsar occurs. With the present Viceroy in power, that is the last thing which should happen; and we may hope for the best. On the other hand, the forces of youth among his own followers may break the bounds of non-violence. If that happens, I cannot for a moment doubt that he will retire; for his dearest hopes will then have been shattered and his own life purpose frustrated.

What, then, about the younger leaders and their methods? Pundit Jawahar Lal Nehru has already gained a position of universal esteem in Indian hearts, which is only second to that of Mahatma Gandhi himself. He is the uncrowned king of Young India. Only in Bengal, perhaps, is this allegiance challenged. There, Sj. Subash Chandra Bose has gone further than anyone else.

There is a pronounced communist element which has gathered strength through the Labor movement in one of its ramifications. It is extremely difficult to follow its rapid changes and to gauge its actual hold upon the people; but it is probably strongest in Bombay and Calcutta. Thus, it will be seen that the driving power of the Left has immensely increased in recent years; and since the youth of India is specially affected, the momentum is certain to be greater in future years.

The question may be put whether any of the forces in the country which have not been gathered into the magnetic field of the national movement up to the present, are likely to stand out strongly against it, or lead an opposition to it. There is, for instance, a large body of Mohammedans who have kept aloof from the National Congress altogether. My opinion is that even though these may feel it impossible to join with the Nationalists in their passive resistance, they are hardly likely to take up a definite line of opposition to them. Again, there are the Indian princes with their subjects. Among the princes, there is much verbal expression of loyalty to the British rule; but it must also be remembered that, in many parts of the country, the subjects of the Indian princes are restless in the extreme, owing to the oppression which the princes have exercised over them.

Lastly, there is the large body of the outcastes, or "untouchables." It would appear likely that these would remain passive spectators of what goes on about them. There is only one national leader whom they are ready to follow to the death, and that is Mahatma Gandhi. If he were to call upon them to take their part in the passive resistance struggle, they probably would follow his leadership. But the burden is not likely to fall on them.

Thus, the forces in the country which appear at present to be either neutral or favoring the official government are hardly likely to take active part in any struggle, unless some fanatical passions were roused and old enmities broke out afresh. I am aware that what I have written is really venturing on speculative ground; it is hazarding a conjecture rather than predicting a certainty. Perhaps the truth is that, if once violence broke out in India and spread throughout the country, no one at all could see what the end would be. Mahatma Gandhi has said that anarchy itself would be preferable to the slave mentality which prevails in India today. When speaking of his own possible arrest and of the bloodshed that might follow, he recently exhorted his people through the columns of Young India to remain strictly non-violent. If they did, he hoped to achieve something and surely solve the great problem of mass civil disobedience. But if, on the other hand, the people did not remain truly non-violent, "then," he writes, "it will take a very long time to obtain real freedom."

It may be asked, what, in the light of such a critical situation as this, has been my own judgment as to the right course to adopt. Personally, I have little doubt in my own mind that the time is now overdue for responsible government to be offered by the British Parliament. This alone will gain any hearing or acceptance from the Indian national leaders, moderate and extremist alike. Adjustments may have to be made, and anomalies may still continue during the period of transition. But such things have happened in every period of peaceful revolution. These adjustments would be entirely different from the niggardly provisions which destroyed all sense of fair dealing under the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms. For those old safeguards and reservations made the "Reform Councils" a mere façade of self-government without any solid building behind it. The Viceroy of India, or the governor of a province, could veto any piece of legislation he disliked and also "certificate" a rejected measure, so that it became at once the law of the land. Mussolini himself has not retained in his own hands more absolute power than this. Furthermore, each cabinet was divided—both provincial and central—into two separate sections, which were called "reserved" and "transferred." Subjects such as finance were reserved in the hands of the officials, who represented the British government in India. Subjects such as education were transferred to Indian ministers, who found themselves tied down in every direction owing to shortage of funds. Thus, there was a semblance of self-rule without any real authority.

After a very careful consideration of all that I have personally witnessed, the uppermost question in my mind is not at all whether responsible government should be offered. That I now regard as axiomatic. Rather, I have pondered long and wondered whether even this is likely to allay the present acute political unrest. To put the matter in another way, the vital question to be considered is not what will happen if the British leave India, but rather what will happen if the British remain in their present irresponsible position. There is no thought in my mind that they should be required to evacuate the country at a moment's notice, but rather that responsibility should be put in Indian hands while the civil servants from England, who are now holding office, are gradually replaced by Indians themselves. The position of the British who remain needs to be changed from one of domination to one of service.

Mr. Baldwin's reported speech during a recent debate in the House of Commons, on the Viceroy's announcement, struck me by its sincerity and truth. Indeed, it is not too much to say that his presentation of the subject, if it were generally accepted, might raise to a higher level the whole meaning of the relation of East to West in modern times:

> Far away [he said] in the dawn of the State, the greatest of the great races then emerging from the mists of antiquity was the Aryan race. When that race left the country it occupied and began its wanderings, it founded Athens and Rome and made Europe. In the veins of the principal nations of Europe flows the blood of their Aryan forefathers. The speech of the Aryans has spread through Europe and America, and to the dominions beyond the seas. At the same time, another branch of the same Aryan race covered the Himalayas and entered the Punjab and spread through India. As a historic fact, ages ago, these scions of the Aryan race stood side by side in their ancestral home—the ancestors of the Anglo-Saxon peoples and the ancestors of the Rajputs and the Brahmans. And now, after centuries have passed, the children of the remotest generation have been brought together by the inscrutable decree of Providence.

If it were possible, without any camouflage, to think things out along those lines, there seems to be no ultimate reason why India should find it more difficult than South Africa to maintain an absolute independence of her own and yet be loosely attached, for her own advantage, to the British commonwealth of nations. But here's the rub: Would General Hertzog in South Africa, or Lord Delamere in Kenya, ever admit the ideal of racial equality which Mr. Baldwin so sincerely describes? Has Lord Birkenhead, as Secretary of State for India, ever acted in that way? If that was in his mind, why did he appoint an entirely racial commission to report to Parliament on the Indian constitution? Why did he not at least include Lord Sinha, as an Indian colleague? Why did he not deal with the leading Indian nationalists direct, as he dealt with Michael Collins and the Irish nationalists direct, in order to settle the new constitution of the Irish Free State? The fact is that there are two minds in England today—the mind of the generous idealist which loves freedom, and the mind of the hard business man which loves profits. It is with the former, not with the latter, that the new hope in India lies.

In such a recognition of racial equality as that which Mr. Baldwin appeared to maintain, lies the main hope of peaceful progress in the future. In the failure to recognize this racial justice lies the ultimate collapse of world peace. For Mahatma Gandhi is fundamentally right. It is really a new spirit that is needed, not merely a political maneuver. There should be frank and open recognition by the Anglo-Saxon race all over the world that its ancestry goes back to Asia as well as to Europe; it should be realized also that Asiatic exclusion laws, exercised with such invidiousness as now exists in Australia, on the Pacific, in South Africa and elsewhere, are the surest of all possible means to bring about a new world explosion.

Not that any Indian national leader—least of all Mahatma Gandhi—would ever be content to gain recognition for Aryan India only, to the exclusion of non-Aryans. For racial equality, not superiority, is the only worthy end in view. Nor again would the just acknowledgment of racial equality imply the canceling of all "gentlemen's agreements" restricting immigration, where an economic necessity on either side made such mutual settlements advisable. But it would stop once and for all such racial treatment as educated gentlemen and ladies from Asia too often receive on the Pacific coast. It would also prevent Mahatma Gandhi's being refused admission to a Christian church, as happened some time ago (in my own actual experience) in South Africa.

It was this very phrase "change of heart" that was first used about the British in India in a very notable book by Henry W. Nevinson. He summed up the whole political situation by saying that what was needed most of all was that "complete change of heart, which our God-fearing forefathers called conversion." Until that came, there could be no peace in British India. For no sensitive peoples could suffer long the humiliations of race that Indians, even in their own country, were compelled to suffer. The phrase stuck. Morley quoted it, and added his own comment, that "bad manners in India on the part of an Englishman were a blunder worse than a crime." But manners have grown worse instead of improving, since Nevinson wrote those searchingly true words; and Englishmen, who have gone out to India on their own account, have often gone as traders, with little concern for the people, and with great eagerness to make money quickly at any cost. Therefore, the time has come for India to govern herself and to exercise within her own dominions her own national freedom.

C. F. Andrews.

Christian Science Censorship Again

IN ITS issue of December 11, The New Republic published an article discussing the efforts of the Christian Science Church to suppress Edwin Franden Dakin's book, "Mrs. Eddy: The Biography of a Virginal Mind." That article dealt with the efforts of the church as directed against booksellers throughout the country, and the publishers of the book, Charles Scribner's Sons. It is interesting to see that attempts similar in their general character have been made to have the book withdrawn from circulation in some public libraries.

In how many communities this has been the case, it is impossible to say. Fifteen cities were selected at random, and letters were sent to the head librarian in each. To the fifteen letters, eleven answers were received; six told of efforts made by authorized representatives of the Mother Church—Committees on Publication or allied bodies—to keep the book off the shelves of public institutions. The other five reported that no protests had been received.

In all but a few instances, the persons who responded to the inquiries desired anonymity. On the part of some, the desire was obviously prompted by an unwillingness to be drawn into a "religious row"—as one of them phrased it—or to incur the enmity of the church. The following letter came from one who asked that reference to the source be restricted to the simple statement, "from an Ohio city."

> The local Publication Committee was quite active in attempting to persuade us that the Dakin book on Mrs. Eddy should not have a place on the shelves of our public library.
>
> We informed the Chairman of the Committee, of course, that there were no grounds on which the book could be excluded from the library. He brought me clippings giving adverse reviews, and these I offered to file and make available if readers should ask for them.
>
> So far, we have purchased twenty-three copies of the book, one of which is held for reference and the others circulating. Six of the circulating copies are in the main library, where I find nineteen orders waiting to be filled, and there are doubtless orders waiting also for some of the branch library copies.
>
> You may be interested to know that this local Publication Committee is very assiduous in following up every book which has any adverse criticism of Christian Science or of its founder, and each time we have to inform them that the library must endeavor to have material on all sides of a question. Also, the Literature Committee keeps the library amply supplied with gifts of all publications authorized by the Church.

The appearance of this collection of adverse reviews in the hands of an Ohio Publication Committee is, in itself, an item worthy of comment. Ordinarily the Committee on Publication is concerned only with the newspapers of its district, which, customarily, is an entire state. The Ohio Committee on Publication would not, for instance, read the California papers for clipping purposes. Adverse reviews of the Dakin biography appeared in very few, if any, of the better-class periodicals. Practically all of the reviewers who have disliked or attacked Mr. Dakin's work have been published in comparatively little known or unimportant organs. One notable example was the review by Hugh A. Studdert Kennedy in The San Jose (California) Mercury Herald for Sept. 8, 1929. In no sense is this statement an attempt to deprecate Mr. Kennedy's unquestionable right to characterize the Dakin biography as unfair and "not worth reading"; the instance is cited because, and again unquestionably, The San Jose Mercury Herald is not an organ of national circulation or literary reputation; yet this review has been displayed by Christian Scientists in many sections of the country, which strongly suggests that a number of copies were obtained by some agency and sent to many publication committees. The Mother Church Board of Directors, which also has sent out copies of this review, has insistently maintained that there is no concerted attack on "Mrs. Eddy"—saying that the protests come exclusively from individual Christian Scientists acting independently.

The following letter came from a large and important state west of the Mississippi. The writer asked not only that his name and that of his library be withheld, but also the name of the state. The church organization has, incidentally, become notable for the power it exercises in the state in question.

> The book . . . was reviewed at our regular weekly meeting held to determine which of the new books should be added to the library. The member of the staff reviewing it thought it should be purchased. She was aware that there was already a public demand for it. She was also of the opinion that it was written without undue bias or prejudice, and was worthy of examination by our readers. An order for several copies was accordingly placed. A few days afterwards, I was called upon by a local representative of the church who argued against our buying it. I do not remember exactly what he said, beyond that it seemed to him an unfair attack on the character of Mrs. Eddy. I explained to him that the public library had to supply books that the taxpayers would wish to read, and that it appeared to me that we had no alternative in the matter. His last request was that we buy as few books as possible.
>
> I have . . . telephoned three of the local book dealers, and they all report that some of their patrons,

> presumably members of the church, have protested against the book being carried in stock. One of the dealers has been so far influenced by such representations that he no longer offers it for sale.

Chalmers Hadley, librarian of the public library of Cincinnati, writes: "This library has not been approached by representatives of the Christian Science Church in regard to Edwin Franden Dakin's book, 'Mrs. Eddy: The Biography of a Virginal Mind.'" However, Ralph Munn, director of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh tells of a different experience. He says:

> In reference to your letter concerning Dakin's life of Mrs. Eddy: when this book first appeared the chairman of the local Christian Science Committee on Literature Distribution called upon the head of our order department. She brought unfavorable reviews and said that she felt that we would not wish to purchase the book in view of what she felt were biased and untruthful statements.
>
> My reply contained the following:
>
> "At a meeting of the staff book committee this morning it was decided that we must add Dakin's life of Mrs. Eddy to our collection.
>
> "I hope that you will agree that a public library must reflect the interests of the whole of its community. Our collection is gathered for the use of students and readers of all shades of interest and opinion. We are compelled to have material on both sides of every question, and it is only through adherence to this policy that we are able to serve our readers.
>
> "It is certainly a tribute to Mrs. Eddy that she has become such a world figure that a public library simply cannot ignore any book dealing with her life and work."
>
> Voluntarily, I suggested that we should refrain from giving publicity to the book, and that we would not display it where it would tempt the casual reader, but that we must have it for those who request it.
>
> The chairman replied that "we heartily agree with you that a public library must reflect the interests of the whole community . . . Thank you for the compromise . . . not to give it publicity and not to shelve it where it will tempt the casual reader. We feel it is a just decision both for us and the whole community, and we are indeed grateful for it."

Altanta, Ga., where all but one book dealer had been persuaded to discontinue open sale, reported no protests at the public library, as did Albany, N. Y. Miss Elizabeth M. Smith, director of the libraries in Albany, wrote:

> The Albany public library has no report to make of attempts to interfere with the circulation of Dakin's biography of Mrs. Eddy. I have delayed replying to your letter in order to get reports from several members of my staff whose borrowers are representative of several distinct city neighborhoods. None of them is able to report any adverse criticism or attempt to interfere.
>
> The book was displayed for a week at the end of October, together with other recent non-fiction additions, and was at that time advertised in the newspapers as available. . . . In one of our branches where the book has also been circulated for the past two months it was placed conspicuously for a few days recently near the lending desk without producing comment.
>
> There is a strong and quite active Christian Science Church in Albany which keeps the library supplied with Mrs. Eddy's own works and with The Christian Science Monitor and Journal.

In Massachusetts, the Springfield institution reported no protests. Charles F. D. Belden of the public library of Boston, home of the Mother Church, said: "To the best of my knowledge the Christian Science Church has made no approach to the Boston public library trustees or to the director regarding the circulation of Mr. Dakin's 'Mrs. Eddy: The Biography of a Virginal Mind.'"

Contrasting rather sharply with the reaction in Boston, was the following report from a "city in Michigan."

> We have in our main library four copies of Dakin's "Mrs. Eddy" and eight copies in various branches. It is also one of the books for which we have many requests waiting.
>
> About a month ago I was approached by a member of the local committee of the Christian Science Church and told that the book was totally unfair to Mrs. Eddy, that Mr. Dakin had not applied to the authorities of the Christian Science Church for his facts! I told the committee member that, of course, the library would not withdraw the book, and she replied, "I told the committee that the library would not withdraw it and that it was no use to go there."
>
> You may be interested to know the stand of our local bookstores. The staff of the largest one has been forbidden by the owner to sell the book, but the manager continues to sell it on request. The next largest keeps it under the counter and sells it only to people who are known not to be Christian Scientists. They were told that if they sold it, all the local churches would announce from the pulpit for their members to withdraw their accounts. The third largest store keeps it under the counter and sells it on request. The manager of the bookstore in our largest department store had fifty copies burned.

Comment on this letter is hardly necessary. It is hard, however, to resist remarking that in the second paragraph is ample evidence that at least one protest was not made individually or independently, despite assertions to the contrary. In another letter, the writer of the preceding one added that "one of our fashionable women's clubs withdrew the Dakin book from their circulating library because the Christian Scientists requested them to."

The Portland, Oregon Library Association reported that "Mrs. Eddy" had not been restricted in that institution. From a librarian in a Pacific Coast city this letter was received:

> It was not a "group of members," but the Committee on Publication himself who came to see me about keeping Mr. Dakin's book out of the library, thus giving me the impression that he was acting according to instructions or to a national program.

From other encounters I think he knew that his request would, of course, not be granted, so he ended by saying, "If it should, however, find its way to your shelves I hope your sense of fairness and justice will see to it that the book is not prominently displayed, but will be classed, labeled and indexed as critical and unauthorized. . . ."

Naturally I did not yield to either request—that of excluding it or of especially cataloguing it. The book is treated in this library exactly as all other books which we see fit to purchase. The title was included in our bulletin. The bookstores, I am sorry to say, are allowing themselves to be browbeaten.

This letter was received from the Chicago public library:

This is in reply to your letter with reference to the book entitled "Mrs. Eddy," by Edwin F. Dakin.

We received a letter from the Christian Science Committee on Publication for Illinois under date of Sept. 3, pointing out that this book was an attempt to shatter the high ideals of Mrs. Eddy's teachings, and that it was critical and in the main fictitious, and adding that Christian Scientists would "greatly regret finding it in circulation."

The letter was filed without reply. The book is now in general circulation, and the demand for it, which was not excessive, has been considerably increased by the recent discussion of the attitude of Christian Scientists.

CRAIG F. THOMPSON.

Washington Notes

AMONG the most absurd things in the Washington political situation at this time are the apprehensions of certain Progressive Republicans who come up for reelection next fall, lest in some way that guileful and sardonic person, the Hon. George H. Moses of New Hampshire, should utilize his position as Chairman of the Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee to "do them dirt." They reason that no man who cherishes the "wild jackass" theory about the Western Progressives, promulgated by Senator Moses months ago, can be expected to strain any ligaments laboring to elect them. On the contrary, the unconcealed state of the Moses mind on the subject would logically lead him to do what he can toward closing instead of continuing the senatorial careers of the aforesaid Western Progressives, whom he regards as grading, individually and collectively, about eighteen degrees below zero. Thus they argue; and some of them engender a considerable degree of excitement over the possibilities. These seem to me, however, so remote, unlikely and insignificant that they should not be taken seriously by anyone not obviously foggy in the intellect.

In the first place, regardless of what he may call them publicly in his moments of irritation, and regardless of what he may think of them privately, the notion that the Hon. Mr. Moses would at any time, anywhere, oppose candidates running on a Republican ticket in the general election is entirely fantastic and without foundation. That sort of thing is simply not done by Republicans of the Moses breed. They may feel bitterly toward the individual nominee. There may be the width of the poles between them and him. They may not have a thought or a feeling in common. Nevertheless, the regular Republican will support the Progressive Republican, or any other kind of a Republican, in preference to any kind of Democrat, every time. The Progressive Republican may not reciprocate, but that makes no difference. With the Moses breed the lure of the label is curiously irresistible, and anyone who wears it, however uncomfortably, gets their support. Whoever appreciates this fundamental fact—and the most progressive of Progressives in his calmer moments must do so—knows that so far as he can, Senator Moses, as Chairman of the Senatorial Committee, will try to elect every one of the "sons of the wild jackass" who is renominated for the Senate this year. It may cause him acute pain, but he will do it nevertheless. But what makes the shuddering alarm of the Progressives about Mr. Moses most ridiculous, is their assumption that as Chairman of the Senatorial Committee he is in a position either to help or hurt.

That there are politicians in both parties and all factions who continue to believe in the efficacy of these off-year House and Senate campaign committees is one of the things hard to understand, except on the theory that the politically initiated are just as gullible and guileless about politics as the politically uninitiated. There is, as a matter of fact, considerable evidence to support the belief that most of those active in politics fool themselves just as much as they fool the people, and that only a small percentage see behind the game's fake whiskers. The fact is that these Senate and House campaign committees are complete bluffs, probably the most complete bluffs of all our various forms of political organization, most of which are largely bluff. I have never yet been able to find a state in which any person with enough political gumption to know, thinks these committees have had the slightest influence upon an election.

There is exactly one thing a senatorial committee can do to help the candidacy of any senatorial candidate in any state: to put some money in his campaign. That it either does not do at all, or does in such insignificant amount as to be destitute of effect. The states in which these Senate and House committees have ever sent any money can be counted on the fingers of one hand, the main reason being that they haven't got it to send. Hardly anyone in a position to contribute is foolish enough to do so through that channel. There are some, of course, but most givers naturally prefer to give where they will get the most credit, which obviously is through the National Committee. If they give to the others it is in driblets, more out of friendship for the chairman than for any other reason, and with complete appreciation of the futility of the performance. Further, a considerable part of the receipts goes for "expenses," traveling, entertainment, literature—all meaningless and ineffectual. There isn't much left over—on the Democratic side, hardly any.

In view of these facts—and they are facts—the apprehensions of the aforesaid Progressive Senators concerning the potential threat in the continuance of the aforesaid Moses as chairman of the little committee do appear some-

what ridiculous. They need have no fear of the Honorable George. He cannot hurt them if he would, and he would not if he could. Moreover, he cannot help them, though he would if he could. He will go through all the motions, nevertheless—and no one knows them better or can make them with a more graceful and convincing air. They will not mean a darn thing in the world, however, and no one knows that better than the Honorable George. However, he would naturally submit to a great deal of suffering before he publicly conceded this.

Washington. T. R. B.

Mrs. Fiske and Three Plays

It's a Grand Life, by Hatcher Hughes and Alan Williams. Cort Theater, February 10, 1930.

Rebound, by Donald Ogden Stewart. Plymouth Theater, February 3, 1930.

Out of a Blue Sky, adapted by Leslie Howard from the German of Hans Chlumberg. Booth Theater, February 10, 1930.

MRS. FISKE'S new comedy presents a rather interesting problem. It deals with a situation that is fairly usual in its general incidents—family cutting-up and family immoralities, half hidden—but that in plays is at the same time usually treated in a conventional way, in the light of conventional moral standards. On the other hand, it is matter that we might take seriously, even in the extremely radical light in which the play takes it, but for the fact that the treatment is, though seemingly bold, only a part of the newer novelties in thought, as practised on the stage—footlight freedom. It is thus both bold and safe at once, which means Broadway boldness. Broadway is never bold except as a gambler at a race track is bold, with an eye on luck and profit. If it goes, so much to the good, if it fails, well, that was a bad bet. Such an attitude adds nothing to the progress of a serious drama among us, but it may well add to the gayety of nations.

In a like manner, "It's a Grand Life" gives the impression of a degree of intelligence; the play runs in and out of an intelligent background, without, of course, taking very heavy chances. It is a play on the popular level with continual thrusts into a more lucent and less vulgar region. With respect to this point, we may note that there are two kinds of playwrights, one of which consists of those who, when the intelligent is revealed to them, do not dislike it.

The story of this comedy by Mr. Alan Williams and Mr. Hatcher Hughes, the latter of whom once drew a Pulitzer prize with his "Hell Bent for Heaven," deals with a Long Island family in which the father, a banker grandee, has been constantly involved in philandering scandals. The daughter has been conducting a talked-of amour with a young man not quite divorced, not until the first act is ending and she is on her way to a safe marriage with a San Francisco doctor; the son, after several affairs, insists on marrying a dancer from the Follies. Against all this is set the character, charm, good sense and loyalty of the wife and mother, with whom, as far as their father goes, the children side. The husband has an automobile accident, plus a stenographer. He raves in his delirium, calling on Mercedes—not the stenographer. The wife sends for that lady, who comes with her Alabama husband, the latter soaked with honor, *amour propre* and hot suspicions, already well founded, of his wife's fidelity, which seems to him an important element in married life. The shock of his wrath and threats against his rival's life brings on birthpangs in this uncertain, lovely flesh of Mercedes; the boy is born in his real father's bed, the lady of the house averts a shooting and finally sends the wronged husband off—he has learned from his doctor that he can never be more than uncle to the young—to make up with the young mother who is then lying ill in the banker's bed. The fiancée of the son turns out to be another of the head of the family's affairs. The mother silences the girl's noble resolutions and advises her, against the decent protests of the financier, not to give up the lover—the couple are in fact married, but the marriage is not yet consummated, as they say. In a manner of speaking, all ends well, though it is only so far so good, on the husband's part.

If the setting, that Long Island drawing-room, and some of the cast, were more luxuriously afforded, to put it politely, the play would seem both more interesting and more convincing. The world of it, as it stands now, is not smart enough; the naughtiness contrives to seem only suburban. Mr. Robert Barrat, as the hot major from Alabama, and Miss Germaine Geroux as his wife, are fair enough, however; and so is Mr. Gene Gowing as the divorced suitor.

The two leading roles are capitally played. Mr. Cyril Scott is entirely convincing as the husband; you can quite believe in his rashness, his charm, his warm, adventurous persuasiveness with women and people in general, and his success in financial circles. Mrs. Fiske gives the best performance I have seen from her in many seasons. There is more repose essentially, and there is as much wit as the part requires. And though there is less of the hilarious comedy, that gift for rough and tumble that she has, for making us laugh whenever she likes, there is more of the Mrs. Fiske who has so strange a power, when the kind of tragedy denoted is within her realm, of concentrated, quiet reality and rightness.

Mr. C. W. Van Voorhis, as The Times reporter, in a capital scene, is capital.

Of the play that Miss Hope Williams adorns at the Plymouth, we can only say that it would be hard to discern how much of Mr. Donald Ogden Stewart went into "Paris Bound" and "Holiday," and how much of Mr. Philip Barry has gone into "Rebound." The *monde* of them all is the same, the habit of Parisian trips and a certain kind of wise-cracking the same, the pleasant sense of people whom one knows but who get with marked rarity across the footlights, the emptiness and warmth, the evasion of life and combined pursuit of it, the element of mask and irony, the touch and go. With a curtain for the second act that is better than anything in "Paris Bound" or "Holiday," "Rebound" remains nevertheless hardly so good a play as either one. To me, however, largely because of the people playing in it perhaps, "Rebound" made the most engaging evening of the three.

The play tells the story of a young couple—plus the family friends—from whose marriage bonds the husband drifts, after a month, back to his old fiancée, harmlessly he

insists—and one must confess to some uncertainty as to what is to be considered harmless in this lounging dalliance everywhere depicted. The one month with the husband is described as happiness itself, Paris and much laughing; and the whole shortcoming of the play in plausibility turns on this month: too little is shown that would predict the wavering but seemingly constant devotion of this particular young husband on whom the plot eventually depends. A little more thinking just here on the author's part would send the play miles deeper into reality and dramatic point.

Mr. Donn Cook, as the hero husband, gave a very adequate performance technically, though none too convincing evidence of the qualities that such a girl as the one who marries him might be supposed to love or find to her taste. Mr. Robert Williams, as Johnny, the rejected suitor, artist and turner of the play's climax, gave a completely right performance. Miss Hope Williams, once you grant this particular character, the same in all the three plays that she has been in, seemed to me to play admirably. It may not infrequently be personal quality rather than acting, there might still be some debate about that, but certainly her projection is steadily better, and her timing has greatly improved.

In the second act, when the husband and his old flame are dancing, Johnny is playing the piano and everybody singing "I Think You're Wonderful," the wife leaning against the piano and carrying a kind of second to the whole of it, Miss Williams exhibits what is probably her greatest promise: in a certain sort of musical comedy she would show us a unique quality, something full of what would delight people of genuine taste and would yet, at the same time, have as much life, contagion and go to it as the best of the vaudeville and revue favorites. Good advice.

"Out of a Blue Sky," when we consider Mr. Leslie Howard's contribution to "Berkeley Square" and remember his former dramatic efforts in playwriting, is interesting partly because of his share in it. How much of the original is given us, how much of the adapted, there is no way of knowing; this adaptation business is a safe theater alibi, and for the most part "Out of a Blue Sky" needs a good alibi. It is one of those plays in which you long to know the issue, but are somewhat fatigued sitting through to it. It evinces a platitudinous mentality but an amiable disposition of effects. The story is one of a theater manager who, on a night when, by a mistake, his company has dispersed, is without a play. He finds actors from the audience—that great packet of dramatic egotisms and private situations before the footlights—gives them a plot, uses them for their own qualities and situations in life, and sets them in action. The result is a combination of acting a play and acting one's own life and secret desires. An idea this is that was hinted at in "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," "The Midsummer Night's Dream" and elsewhere, and not long ago more or less newly invented and firmly established as an important dramatic genre by Pirandello. This in itself, of course, need not condemn its reëmployment from time to time.

The best thing about "Out of a Blue Sky" is the delightful performance of Mr. Reginald Owen as the husband, in the audience and in the play, and mixed up generally in a conventional triangle situation. Mr. Howard's directing of the piece lacks edge and alertness, and blurs what there might be of psychological diversion inherent in the situation.

What such imitators of Pirandello—though at an amiable distance, of course—miss is the way in which the inner realities of the situation turn the fantastic facts into fiction. It is in the conflict between fiction and reality that the surface drama of the play appears. Its inmost drama must lie where the deepest drama in all things lies: in the struggle between those two principles that are in us and in all nature, the instinct toward finding a permanent form, and that of breaking it down.

"Out of a Blue Sky," to be a more diverting entertainment, needs more wit, or more reality in the characters and their plot, or more alert depths of meaning; any or all of these would be welcome—plus Mr. Owen.

STARK YOUNG.

The Marin Show

"AN AMERICAN Place," at 509 Madison Avenue, in New York City, is a most pleasing spot. High corner space fronting white buildings and the sky, this new intimate gallery is conventional office room prepared for the reception of light. The arrangement has involved no radical changes. Opportunities for insolation afforded by modern structural means have been utilized ingenuously. The chain of broad bare windows lets day directly in upon an open suite of compartments as bare, economical and severe as fireproof hospital rooms. The smooth iron and hollow-tile walls have been painted a clear gray, redoubling their natural lucence. The uncovered concrete floor has been painted a tone only a trifle deeper than the one above it.

During January, the gallery had an opening show of recent Marin watercolors, mostly marines. Possibly the luster of this new batch of washes is not quite as immediately striking as that of certain older examples of the artist's work. This year's display is the product of a man no longer in his youth. The familiar lightenings have been succeeded by less diffuse a glow. The violent juxtaposition of color has given way to more tranquility interplaying wide areas. Still, no group of them ever shone like this. One was in sea-light amid washes, as aboard ship or on the beach of an ocean.

The watercolors gave forth radiance, individualizing what they so liberally received. Whether of 1925, 1918 or 1914, all Marins have their own light; and the members of the recent group no less than their predecessors. They have the peculiar vibrancy of a prismatic medium idiomatically used. Since the days of the old Chinese, scarcely a watercolorist, not Cézanne himself, has accepted the limitations of his means more sympathetically than this contemporary American. His pieces are sheer color: fresh and subtle dialectics of complementary hues.

Ignorance of this fact in certain "artistic" circles is partly to be attributed to Marin's habitual abstraction of shapes, of suites of shape and line and tint, from nature herself; the practice having made many suppose his effects

dependent on associations. Unprejudiced inspection of the washes on the walls of An American Place would have dispelled the illusion. These robust things stood independent of the meaning of subject matter, complete and relevant in themselves. Like all typical Marins, they are the product of the instinctive reference of facts to the terms of an audacious counterpoint of watercolor, arrested within the borders of a sheet of Watman paper, and declarative of an immanent harmony as of white, or repose, or light.

Color would have been found playing in them, superficially, as complementary tones appreciating and depending on each other. Lying in irregular and fantastic patches, various active tints create delicate, subtle and none the less positive oppositions. Color would have been found playing, more essentially, as the balance of contrasting consistencies and weights, as veil-like substance supporting more solid and stone-like stuff laid hard upon it. Marin's grays have singular ethereality; and his gritty browns and cobalt blues possess a corresponding exceptional avoirdupois and body, comparable to that of oil paint. Most essentially of all, it would have been found playing as movement, as contrasted rates of dynamic speed, relative to an immobility revealed through them.

The threefold, spontaneous dialectic of color is variously active in Marin's pieces. At times, it is elaborately, even monumentally built up. At others, it remains simple and loose. He has one habit of arresting the contrapuntal play with inclusive streaks and borders of color, in instances with startling effect. Formulas, however, he does not possess. It is evident that he adapts the method freely to the motive and the facts.

Monumentally built up or simple and loose, the dialectic of color is invariably rapid. Marin's medium blooms by virtue of the tempo to which he raises it. Watercolor is an intrinsically quick medium, precluding hesitation and long calculation, demanding utmost rapidity of decision. Marin meets this limitation not only sympathetically. He meets it in the most positive fashion, utilizing watercolor's inherent capacity for recording quick movement, instantaneous lights and the trajectories of fast-traveling objects, the form of rapid change itself. His painting is full of daring transitions. The gamuts frequently progress in wild quick leaps; color jumping boldly to its subtle complement. It passes with delightful precipitousness from one texture to another. It passes from shaggy surfaces spattered on the paper to satiny rivulets and streams; from sensations of roundness to sensations of flatness; from streaks ridged like minute mountain ranges to streaks smooth as pond-water on summer nights. The relatively large areas of white paper left unmarked add to the instantaneousness and heterogeneity of the color relations, inducing continual reference of all hues to the extreme of white.

Besides, Marin actually scrubs on his paint in scudding rivulets, airy cascades and dithering flashes of running color, plotting the curve of quickest motion. The roughness may offend the academically minded. But the medium demands it, being only to the swift. Marin's art, none the less, is not predominantly staccato. A strange grace and elegance persist in the most fantastic of his zig-zags, the most instantaneous of his forms. The strong color-contrasts are subtle, lying within a cool scheme. The strange references and jumps are so inevitable, as easy as breath, that the rhythms rarely strike one as abrupt or violent. They are playful in some instances, making one wonder whether the painter is wholly serious. In others, they verge on the freakish or clownish. There is evidently a Marin like a boy exploding squibs on the Fourth; a timothy among the other grasses; a brother to Emily Dickinson. Most frequently, the rhythms are quite broad, masculine and well balanced. Marin's medium shows the peculiarly American combination of extreme speed and grace in dizzy equilibrations.

Indeed, Marin's use of watercolor has the very mettle of the relations to the abiding characteristic of his age and nation. That speedy, audacious wash of his has a reason. It is naïvely commanded for, and spontaneously inspired with, the purpose of revealing with prismatic means and in the form of radiance, a novel, indigenous order. The array of watercolors on the walls of An American Place broke on one not only like light, but like the individualized light of our living hours. There is nothing anomalous in either the performance or the impulse. Watercolor has a particular relevance to American life. It has long been recognized as a medium curiously sympathetic to the American temperament; and many of the best of our painters have been wonderfully successful with it.

In Marsden Hartley's words, "Few outside of Cézanne have done more with this special medium than the Americans Whistler, Sargent, Winslow Homer, Dodge MacKnight, Charles Demuth and John Marin. None has kept more closely and consistently within its confines and peculiarities." From the first, Americans have been obliged to adapt themselves to sudden climatic changes: wintry February days interpenetrated with soft spring twilights, summer heats in March, rapid alternations of arctic and tropic influences. They have developed a mode of life arduous in its extreme changeability and momentum, incertitude and freedom from precedent; its increasing requisitions of powers of abrupt adjustment, rapidity of mental process, intuitive leaps. Precisely these nervous and accelerated conditions have made Americans "a nation of sprinters," and decreed to all the quicker media, photography, the short story, imagist verse and the rest, their means of plastic expression.

But if the headlong present has been particularly propitious to the exploitation of the expressive possibilities of their means, the experiments have been successful because of certain human intensities marshaled for them. Watercolor, for example, has functioned so largely and fully because of a spirit in John Marin. Besides a natural reference to the medium, a tendency of the events of his life to become esthetic in the form of wash, there probably exists in this painter an extraordinary capacity for direct contact; a great gift of feeling, of touching the general and the abiding amid the welter of phenomena. He must have the ability to see some mirific steadiness and harmony like white or day in instantaneous vibrations of light, in the apparent confusion of rapidly moving landscapes; sea-Maine and mountains and Manhattan glimpsed from bodies in rapid motion—automobiles, express trains or motor boats; or racing waves and clouds. And the vision must be so strong, so clear, so imperious that the senses in-

spire absolute confidence, the hand grows thoroughly obedient; faithfully obliging the subject medium to record and render what the eye saw, precisely as it was seen.

And still, contemporaneous as they are, of the vaulting day as few other revelations, Marin's broad harmonies and massive ordinations are quite traditional. Together with novel serenities, amplitudes and adamantine consistencies, the January show contained a number of expressions related to the older, known American ones. Certain have an Emersonian quality, a sanction of independence, spreading the space in which old individual things like sailing ships move in dignity, quiet purposiveness and autonomy. One or two communicate the feeling of infinity associated with Ryder's canvases: the glamor of the search, the beatitude of mere going. The curious formality of Currier and Ives prints and the wild laughter and mystical balance of "Moby Dick" are suggested by others. Still others seem to declare the power whose being is combat, taking up into himself the clash of conflicting elements; there the painter appears a brother to William James and the Ionian impressionists who conceived a cosmos of sand and fire, air and water, fire drawing water into floating mists, water returning to earth again as gentle rain in endless, glittering mystic cycles. And some have the old New England daintiness. Marin is no primmer than Whitman was; but many of his washes show the delicacy of rooms and gardens redolent of the presence of fastidious mistresses. Nor is this traditionalism of Marin's fortuitous. What would be casual would be its absence: the event of an art rooted like his in the American soil; declarative like his of the order of the life upon it now; and dumb amid the song of present and future, of the song of that from which both rise.

PAUL ROSENFELD.

CORRESPONDENCE

Tagore and Child Marriage

SIR: I was interested to read the correspondence between Mr. Henry H. Field and Mr. C. F. Andrews [The New Republic, February 5], in which they discuss Miss Katherine Mayo's attack on Rabindranath Tagore.

Have not Miss Mayo and Mr. Field lost their sense of proportion? Tagore is a person of some eminence, but they regard him as set *in statu pupilari* under them, they reject his own denial that he supports child marriage, they cross-examine him severely for "proof." Let them turn to "Manasi," a book of poems published in 1890. In "Deserted" are these words (I translate them for her):

> Playing our flutes, let us bring home a bride of eight years! Let us snatch and tear open the bud of childhood, let us force out the sweet of youth! Pressing a weight of Scriptures on the young, expanding life, let us make it one with the dust of wrinkled age!

Another poem, a long one, is "Loving Conversation of a Newly Wedded Bengali Couple." The couple are an old man and a girl who is still dreaming of dolls and her toys. It is too long to summarize here. . . . Mr. Field and Miss Mayo may be willing to look up my "Rabindranath Tagore," pp. 89-90. Jump nearly 30 years, to 1918, when he published "Palataka"; it contains "Freedom," a pitying picture of a girl married at nine and worn to death at thirty-one. In 1887, he published a tractate, "Hindu Marriage," which aroused wild anger. In 1917, he had the orthodox again buzzing with "A Woman's Letter." Does Mr. Field know Tagore's short stories? Does he not feel that they are a deeply felt protest against woman's place in Hinduism, and the ignoring of her rights as a person? Has he read "Subha," for instance?

An elementary knowledge of Indian thought includes awareness of the Brahmo Samaj, the Reformed Church, which has been associated with three generations of Tagore's family. It is so notorious that the Brahmo Samaj forbids child marriage that every one in India would take Tagore's opposition to it for granted. The Samaj has suffered several schisms. One was because Keshabchandra Sen, tempted by the prospect of marrying his daughter into the family of the Maharajah of Kuch-Bihar, allowed her to be married well under the Brahmo age. It is true that Keshab was not the leader of Tagore's branch of the Brahmo Samaj; but the incident will serve to show how Brahmo sentiment regards child marriage.

Last of all, as to the sneer that Tagore's protest against child marriage is "buried in Bengali" (Mr. Field, "After Mother India," p. 208), where else should it be—not buried, but very obvious and very much alive? Tagore *is* a Bengali, Bengali is the language he speaks and writes, he has been a Bengali author for sixty years, an English one for about a dozen. I take it, his job is to show courage against his own people and to talk to *them* about their social crimes. If Mr. Field knew the South Indian books on Tagore, particularly Mr. Ramaswami Sastri's (dreary books), he would know that in those orthodox Hindu regions they extol all his work extravagantly except his social writings—and against these they protest with deep sorrow. Miss Mayo's book was right in its main theme, that Hinduism has given women "a rotten show." But it abounds in ignorance, and she wrote of one of India's bravest sons without bothering to find out what his record is, or what he has consistently thought.

EDWARD THOMPSON.

Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Capital Punishment in Texas

SIR: If a proposal should be made that any state of our Union could put to death a horse thief or automobile thief, it would meet with ridicule. And yet Texas has recently enacted a law which permits the execution of bank robbers, and was to have electrocuted E. V. Allen in January. It will put him to death in March unless something is done about it.

Allen was convicted and sentenced to death for a bank robbery on December 13, 1927, where no shots were fired, no one was killed and no money was lost. A Massachusetts woman saw an item in a Boston paper and aroused an organization to employ a Texas lawyer, thus obtaining two stays of execution. Governor Moody and Judge Been do not appear to be impressed by the appeal for clemency on the part of eleven jurors who convicted Allen on unconvincing identification.

According to the American League to Abolish Capital Punishment, criminals may be legally executed in seven states for burglary, in seventeen states for rape, in two states for train wrecking, in six states for arson and in ten states for treason, though no executions have been inflicted for the last offense. So far as I have heard, no state inflicts the death penalty for subscribing to The New Republic.

WILLIAM FLOYD.

New York City.

Esperanto in Cleveland

SIR: May I appeal through your correspondence pages to the Cleveland readers who are interested in the Esperanto language, the international tongue. An Esperanto group is in the process of being formed in Cleveland and any young working adults desirous of learning or furthering their knowledge of this language are urged to write to me at 10129 North Boulevard.

NAT ROBBOY.

Cleveland, Ohio.

Poetry as Progress

Our Singing Strength: An Outline of American Poetry (1620-1930), by Alfred Kreymborg. New York: Coward-McCann. 643 pages. $5.

MR. KREYMBORG'S pretensions to criticism are so modest and his industry is so great; his kindness to American poets, dead and living, particularly the living, even including myself, is so conspicuous and unwearying, that one puts down his book with the belief that one should be disarmed of a sense of its limitations and even of its downright faults. The book is overwhelmingly, on every page, a labor of love. The author says: "If a lover is one who must spread his affection broadcast, then the present student is one. My feeling for American poetry dominates my life. . . . It is not enough that I feel this way. One must have comrades." And he would have them, if critics were not unregenerate; Mr. Kreymborg's "Preliminary Confession" is enough to deprive one of one's last weapon: he appeals, from the barbaric confusion of New York, for a comradeship among writers—an appeal to which, I admit with regret, I am almost totally deaf. For the other side of the appeal is a "faith" in poetry, so sincere, so irrational and so vague as to throw this reviewer into a state of alarm—a faith that leads the author to make the history of American poetry over into the history of a religion. It is only proper that a critic should be mastered by his subject, but not to the degree of succumbing to it.

Only 252 of the 643 pages are given to the poets who precede the late renascence, which Kreymborg rightly dates from 1912. There are apparently two reasons for this. Since about 1880, the population of this country has more than doubled, and even in ratio to the present population, there can be no doubt that more verse is being written now than fifty years ago. Pending the collection of exact figures —which some scholar will probably give us very soon— we may guess that three, perhaps four times as much verse is written and published in the United States every year as in any year around 1880, when the New England movement reached its climax. We have more poets of talent; as Kreymborg remarks, our craftsmanship has improved enormously; we probably have five competent versifiers where there was one in 1850. But it is not certain that we have more great poets. If Mr. Kreymborg's intention had been to isolate the values of the past, instead of representing the poets by numbers, a procedure which throws the emphasis on the present, our era would surely not have received more space than the nineteenth century alone, to say nothing of the two preceding centuries taken with it. The second reason for the disproportionate attention given to our time is doubtless the author's complete contemporaneity. The vaguely evolutionary, progressive view of American poetry in this book puts the nineteenth-century giants in the role of forerunners, while we are the new brood of "national singers."

The chapters dealing with the past are first of all biographical, and then social in method. Beyond this, the writing is dithyrambic. There is ample evidence that the author has read practically every line of American poetry and that he has been moved by his reading; and yet industry and sensibility and enthusiasm will not take the place of insight, discrimination, intelligence. Written in bright, diffuse journalese, the chapters on the early poets are, in documentation, arrangement and evaluation of the subject, no better than half a dozen so-called standard histories of American literature. But it is not that Kreymborg lacks the material; he is not able to use it. Being an inveterate hero-worshipper, he prefers the vague rhetorical statement, not only to the meaning of the facts, but to a plain exposition of the facts, and he succeeds a little too often in making a legend of the commonplace. Because Miss Dickinson was a great poet, the stuffy and very ordinary life of a spinster is made the occasion for a painfully facetious piece of rhetoric. The myth of Whitman's disinterested service in the Civil War hospitals is repeated, at Whitman's own evaluation of it; ten years of Whitman scholarship are ignored. Instead of taking Emerson's humanitarian activities as the key to a highly complex mind that never understood itself, Mr. Kreymborg is contented to view them, if he really views them at all, as evidence of a simple nobility of soul. The picture of Emerson is worth quoting in part: "Inside his serene domicile, at the heart of the clearest strength, this blue-eyed bard was in touch with all time and all life; and, in the marvelous fragments pieced together, whether in poetry or prose, he slowly created the song we know him by."

Mr. Kreymborg performs the difficult feat of making the lives of dead poets read like gossip. And the biographies of the living not only read like it, that is what they are. In the chapters on contemporary poets, there are eleven statements of fact that I know to be absolutely false, which could have been set down correctly if the author had taken the trouble to write to the poets. In that center of vividly undifferentiated sensation which is Mr. Kreymborg's mind, there exist settled connections between life and poetry, fixed influences of one generation upon another, dogmatic if obscure assertions of the meaning of poetry, which must forever stir to envy and astonishment the mere plodder in immensely ambiguous and complicated fact. This work is one of those mischievously pious, utterly well meant documents which, like the writings of Poe's contemporary, Griswold, may have the effect of misleading public information and judgment for a quarter of a century. In the place of Griswold's malice (Mr. Kreymborg is uniformly benevolent), there is a gift for sentimental epithet that will seize the public fancy, and hold it for a long time.

For example. "At the height of her [Emily Dickinson's] intoxication, she leaned, not against a lamp-post, but against the sun of her adoration." "It is along the love line that Untermeyer has continued to develop." ". . . sonnets on the war full of disillusionment, though Ficke crossed the seas as a major." "In the course of seven swift years, she [Elinor Wylie] had finished four volumes of verse and four of prose. Then the mad flame sank." "Jeanne D'Orge, a student of the passions in relation to wedlock. . ." ". . . the yearning national question, where is our next major poet to come from. . ." "Over each group [of the younger poets] hangs an aura of metaphysics." Dorothy Parker is "haunted by modern metaphysics." And finally—I bring the quotations to an arbitrary close—"One's hope for the art of the next Ishmael contains a plea for a less intellectual, a more human appeal."

Thus, the flood of emotionalism and self-expression which is, on the whole, the last fifteen years of American poetry, is "intellectualism" and "metaphysics." When Mr. Kreymborg is in doubt, he uses the word metaphysics. "In the presence of poetry," he writes, "definitions are unessential [sic] interlopers." (They are inessential when they are confused or fail to define; they are never interlopers.) It is remarkable, in view of this opinion, that the author should attempt so many definitions. Miss Millay's early, naughty spirit is the Restoration spirit and the spirit of Oscar Wilde; the three spirits are one, in a oneness that passeth understanding. The famous Euclid sonnet is an

expression of "the poet's faith in the 'massive sandal set on stone'." Now, just how does this faith differ from the faith in Christ, or in Causality, or in Democracy? Or is it properly faith?

I come now to the "philosophy" of the work. One finds such phrases as the "synthesis of absolute poetry," poetry's "recent step ahead," progress, optimism and pessimism, acceptance of life, metaphysics and metaphysical poetry, roots in the soil, conservative and radical, belief in American democracy, and so on. I can find no very clear meaning in any of these phrases. However, there is a consistent if consistently inarticulate motive carrying the book to its final page. This motive, somewhat to the abuse of religion, must be called religious. It remains on the sentimental level. Our poetic history turns out to be a succession of prophets minor and major, like Forefather Bryant and Intoxicated Emerson, who with Walt, the maximus, and even the Weary Way-worn Wanderer, form an Old Testament prophesying a New Testament either already here or about to arrive. This state of mind, I believe, explains the barrier standing between Mr. Kreymborg and the poetry; his belief in Progress turns most of the poems into harbingers of other poems, other social conditions, other ages. There is, in this book, a certain uneasy expectancy of the true revelation which may be described as the obstetrical attitude of mind: our Shakespeare is due to be born, in the mechanical succession of Progress, whether he will be born or not. It would seem to me to be only common sense to suppose that we may sometime have a poet as great as Shakespeare, and equal common sense to see that it makes little difference whether we ever have him.

Yet Walt was the prophet and Mr. Kreymborg cannot repudiate the prophecy. He is not wholly at his ease, however, since he cannot understand why there is a *malaise* in the modern mind called "pessimism," the prophet having foretold the perfect brotherhood, the perfect society and the "new brood." There is something disconcertingly wrong, from the Whitman viewpoint, with the new brood that has arrived, and our author does not like it; yet his "faith" in progress tells him that he ought to like it, though all the while he casts an apprehensive glance at the perfection and the liberties foretold, now grown somewhat fatuous in their realization. The new Shakespeare may combine, as Mr. Kreymborg hopes, the love of Whitman and the hate of Jeffers, and he may combine many other things. One may hope that he will not mistake the size of his vision for its intelligence and quality.

ALLEN TATE.

Fantasy and Obsession

Harriet Hume, by Rebecca West. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

A Night Among the Horses, by Djuna Barnes. New York: Horace Liveright. $2.50.

"HARRIET HUME" is a fantasy. The modern fantasy derives from various older allegorical forms and has kept several mechanisms peculiar to them. Although its figures are no longer named after their characteristics, like the Petulants, Fainalls and Witwouds of Restoration plays, they are none the less humors, and their lives are open to miracles.

The exact graph of meaning is unimportant; in this vein, dexterity is all. Whether, in giving us Arnold Condorex and Harriet Hume, Miss West presents the struggle between two characters, or between two personalities in the same character—Harriet, the delicate faculty of taste, choice and intuition, split off from, betrayed by and eternally opposed to Condorex, the hard, merciless faculty of ambition and careerism—really matters very little. The chief excellence in "Harriet Hume," as in "Zuleika Dobson," lies in its style, in the very grain of its writing. In "Zuleika," if one phrase is transposed out of its proper order, much of the fun is lost, and the same inflexible law of wit holds true in "Harriet Hume." Harriet, who both sees and warns, and Condorex, who does not heed, but climbs, are made of less awkward material than flesh and blood. They are automata, produced by joinery of a high order. They move through settings especially designed to set them off, where much play of light and shade, many objects of art and virtue, much extraordinarily delineated weather, practically eliminate in the reader any wish for a direct reading of reality.

"Fantasy," says Mr. Forster, "glances about." Miss West, demonstrating in every sentence the nicety of her ear and the wit of her eye, glances and listens, and what has she not seen and heard! . . . "Comely women, the color of weathered sculpture," houses, "the true work of the brothers Adam . . . as beautiful as music and in much the same way" . . . "a voice at once like a woman's and a lion's (say like an oratorio contralto's)." And although this style is capable of dreadful lapses, such as Condorex's thought that to love Harriet was "like swathing oneself with a long scarf of spirit," its felicities outweigh them. It is to be hoped that Miss West, with her notable equipment, after having written a long short story in "The Return of the Soldier," a melodrama in "The Judge" and a fantasy in "Harriet Hume," will one day write a novel.

To return from "Harriet Hume" to Djuna Barnes's "A Night Among the Horses" necessitates a wrench of attention and, it would seem on first examination, a completely new focus. For in the same degree that Miss West is light, Miss Barnes is sober; as Miss West deals with reality at a fourth remove, Miss Barnes appears to deal with it directly. However, the line of demarcation between the nature of the two books is not so definite as one might at first suppose. The focus is reversed, rather than changed. For Miss Barnes, in these stories that first appeared in magazines devoted to experimental writing, The Little Review, The Transatlantic Review and others, deals no less than Miss West with a world of fantasy—not, it is true, the conscious fantasy that is an artifact, but the unconscious fantasy that rises from compulsion and dream. Not only are the characters repeatedly encountered, in slightly changed forms, like the characters in recurrent dreams, but the look of seasons, of rooms, of the earth, and the emotional content and coloring of one story after another, coincide and fit together like blocks in slightly different puzzles. Mortal despair, the depravity of the full-blooded body and the wasted senses, the desire for more sorrow and more death, the final pride that seeks self-destruction, are the emotions that appear against raw desolate countrysides or in vast baroque rooms. Bitter, disorganized women, good with pistols and horses, choose men who are their inferiors as the tools of their agony, or match in insolence men who are their equals in elegance and pride. Young men with old mistresses, children lashed by the passions of their elders, girls wise in lust and cruelty, are less themselves than units in symbolic pattern.

Miss Barnes's style has the precision of good French prose; coupled with her strange qualities of imagination, it is capable of unexpectedly beautiful effects:

> A great war picture hung over the bed, and the picture and the bed ran together, for the huge rumps of the dappled stallions were reined almost into the

> pillows, and the generals with their foreign helmets and their dripping swords and the rolling smoke and the torn limbs of the dying seemed, in some way, to be fighting with that bed, it was so large, so torn, so devastated.

or again:

> The air was full of the sound of windlasses and well water, where from cool abysses, heavy buckets rose; and too, the air was full of the perfect odor of small flowers.

On the other hand, this style can be dragged into long passages of *non sequiturs* that sound profound, but turn out to be nonsense. These stories at their best, when unaffected by this sort of ferocious inconsequence in meaning—not the overblown extravagance of "Ryder"—contain the substance of Miss Barnes's curious talent in true and surprising excellence.

LOUISE BOGAN.

A Great Romantic

The Incredible Marquis: Alexandre Dumas, by Herbert Gorman. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 466 pages. $5.

THE chief interest of Mr. Gorman's dramatic biography is its portrayal of Dumas as a robust and adventurous Romantic. Today we wonder how much of Dumas' career was tinsel and how much was the True Romance. But in the 1830's they had few doubts; all that glittered contained a promise of gold.

Mr. Gorman views Dumas as a compound of D'Artagnan and Monte Cristo. There was much to produce this blend in his heredity and temperament. His grandfather was a titular marquis (Dumas himself was not even that), who had produced by a negress in Santo Domingo the swarthy and powerful Alexander I. A general under Napoleon, he never received due recognition and, dying, left his wife to keep a tobacco-shop and his son to run wild around Villers-Cotteret. Alexander II grew up as a village lad, yet as a "child of Austerlitz"; there was romance in his blood.

By birth, too, he was naïve, loud, vain and fond of display—all negroid traits. He was poorly educated, even in French history. He came to be an arch-showman, a great laughing child, reckless, spendthrift of love and money, redeeming his frequent tactlessness by gushes of *bonhomie*. Though superficial and vulgar, says Mr. Gorman, "he possessed a born romantic temperament. There were grave flaws in Dumas, his vanity, his polygamous proclivities . . . his bland ignorance of the integrities of authorship, his posing, his oratorical nature; but all these were excrescences on a veritable nature that was unique and quick with an enormous vitality." It was a vitality that made him one of the sights of Paris, as well as the father of Romantic drama.

His career was forwarded in part by an unparalleled "nerve." As a gawky country boy, he bearded Talma in his dressing-room and obtained his ironical blessing as the future hope of the theater. He accosted people in high place, false friends of the General, who would do little for the son. His dealings with such people as Louis-Philippe and Lafayette are full of unconscious humor. He gave himself a fine role in the Revolution of 1830 as well as in the Garibaldian invasion of Sicily. He was largely there at all the *premières* of Romantic plays, particularly at his own, which are worked up by Mr. Gorman with much gusto. If Dumas buys a schooner, it straightway becomes a yacht. If he takes a mistress, she becomes a marvel. He took a great many, from Madame Dorval (in a cab) to the notorious Ada Menken, who played an Abishag to his David. Yet through it all he adored his mother and cared for his natural son, Alexander III. He went on junkets with princes of the blood. He was forever traveling, to receive foreign plaudits, to recoup financially, to stun Paris all over again. No wonder that at the peak of his fame, he built a villa to outrival Monte Cristo, had his own theater, and became the best known figure in the capital.

Yes, it was another "prodigious" life, like that of Balzac, who hated him. His biographer rightly emphasizes the dramatist rather than the novelist; in his plays especially, Dumas showed his originality, his gift for situation and dialogue; his ability to win over a doubting public. One of the great merits of Mr. Gorman's book is that he weaves in this public, the whole literary and political background, with skill and knowledge. This is an authentic biography. The best available sources (even they are not always reliable) have been used, the material has been thought over and organized, perspective has been maintained. Mr. Gorman knows so many historical people that he has a rather bothersome way of enumerating them in long lists. If the book dwindles towards the close, why, so did Dumas. The style is often pictorial, impressionistic, done in the staccato manner of stage-directions. The author has attained his chief aim of "readableness," partly because of his own gifts, partly because in the life of Dumas there are elements of undying romance. "Incredible" as a marquis, he remains plausible as a gorgeous and garish Monte Cristo.

E. PRESTON DARGAN.

Small Jewels

Coronet, by Manuel Komroff. New York: Coward-Mccann. $3.

FOR many years Mr. Komroff turned up every few months with a short story in The Dial. The impact of these short things—some of them not more than a thousand words—was cumulative. Here was a man who understood the short story, who had mastered a substance with a form. The stories were cleanly written, direct, simple, economical, and often terrifying. None of these adjectives fits his present novel, "Coronet." We have instead a book which is vague without being pervasive, indirect without being subtle, complicated without being organized, wasteful without being racy. As for the writing, it has an air of having been translated, rather badly, from a vivid original. The idiom is not English; the hopes and images have just that taste of flatness, of conventionality, which mars a journeyman's translation. The book is a poor expression of what must have been an intense vision—three hundred years in the life of a family. No better example could be found of a work of fiction which is not a novel. It is a large mouthful of predigested, but indigestible, history; it is a sociological commodity.

Many people have liked it and many more will. "Coronet" is the romantic history of a small crown and a silver whip which turn up first, in an Italian goldsmith's in the seventeenth century, second, in Napoleonic France and Russia, third, in France and Russia in the mid-nineteenth century, and last, in contemporary Russia, with an epilogue

in Chicago. But it is not the symbolic history, nor the fall of aristocracy, which will persuade the reader. It is the anecdotes. There is a dead horse, for example, in the middle portions of the book, of which much is made. A Russian cannon ball, which is much larger than a French one, had cleaned out a horse from stern to chest leaving a reasonably hollow skeleton with the skin still protecting it from the weather. Two boys set up life more or less comfortably within. And there are some good bits about Napoleon and one of his mistresses, a Mlle. Georges. These things are many; the pity is that the vivid raciness of the anecdotes must remain mere casual ornament; there is no body of which they can become a part. Like the coronet of the title, in its later days, only the small jewels are real, the big are glass.

R. P. Blackmur.

A Borgia

Borgia, by Zona Gale. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THE whole point of Miss Gale's book inheres in the fact that Marfa, the heroine, is, through no fault of her own, directly or indirectly responsible for a series of events so disastrous that she comes to look upon herself as a Borgia. Even as a child,

> it was observed that almost everything that she did turned out badly. She walked off the end of the veranda, as if she were treading the air, and struck and lamed the dog lying beneath. By accident she tripped others, destroyed their property, broke dishes, lost heirlooms, tore the frocks of her playmates, tumbled babies about and set them screaming. She accidentally pinched fingers in doors, let objects fall on feet, tore precious books, marred furniture, and wounded everyone with whom she had anything to do. She caused endless annoyance by forgetting to deliver messages, by bringing wrong articles from the shops. . . . As she grew older these accidents increased in violence. Indirectly she occasioned the death of the house-dog; she drove a pony which ran away, injuring her mother. She set a jack-o'-lantern in a neighbor's window and burned his porch. She dressed as a ghost and frightened a pregnant woman, whose child was born dead that night.

One might expect a character presented with so ambitious an introduction to fail to live up to expectations, but not so Marfa. As the novel progresses, her activities become more and more alarming. She takes a young man to visit a friend, the friend's children are getting diphtheria, the young man catches it and dies. She suggests a place for a family picnic; when they get there, one of her cousins goes swimming and drowns. One day she asks an acquaintance to come over that evening instead of the next, as he had suggested; on the way a truck crashes into his car and he is paralyzed for life. She tells a girl to stir the fire and a spark puts out one eye; suggests going out in the yacht on an Adirondack lake and the cook, "a fine Swedish lad," is washed overboard; informs a woman that she is engaged to her brother and the woman sits down and dies in a very pointed manner.

No wonder poor Marfa develops a complex as the corpses pile up. The wonder is that Miss Gale can write so seriously on a subject requiring such an unbelievable succession of fortuitous calamities. No one ever deserved the wrath of the gods less than Marfa, yet her history puts to shame that of the entire house of Atreus.

Geoffrey T. Hellman.

Notes on Novels

Shadows of Men, by Jim Tully. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

JIM TULLY is often saluted as a realist. In four of his books, it is true, the seams and ruts were real, and he reported them with a punch. But the impression never was indelible. The reporting is effective in only four of the nineteen sketches in "Shadows of Men." In "Sapping Day," vagrants are flogged by a gauntlet of farmers; "Bright Eyes" is blinded, and dies; in "A California Holiday," a condemned man is noosed by the executioner; the convict of "A Boy From the South" leaps into a Negro's wagon as the bloodhounds snap. The realism of these is stabbing because the author forgets himself in the misfortunes of others; elsewhere it is weakened by pretentiousness. Sentences are decorated: "The deep drifted snow glinted chameleon-like under the spasmodically shining sun." He tries to be profound: "Over his face passed clouds of reality." And the simple lives of yeggs and hoboes merely garnish his philosophy of weary misanthropy. Samuel Elam's hoboes exist for themselves, and the workers of Michael Gold are lighted by a passionate pity. In them, and in the terse illustrations of Gropper for "Shadows of Men," are lessons in realism for Jim Tully.

J. M.

The Crystal Icicle, by Katherine Keith. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

THE CRYSTAL ICICLE" is a complete contrast to Miss Keith's novel published several years ago. "The Girl" was personal and lyric; the present novel is objective and dramatic. "The Crystal Icicle" is of small dimensions in characters and background, but it is a model of precision in selection and distribution of material and exactness of style. Miss Keith understands her people thoroughly in their relation to one another. She views the three, husband, wife and mistress, with complete impartiality. She realizes the pain which each suffers. And she is nice enough to abstain from any false emphasis or forced conclusion. The solution is implicit in the statement of the case.

R. M. L.

Contributors

C. F. Andrews is President of the Indian Trades Union Congress, and is generally regarded as the Englishman having most influence on native affairs. He is the author of the book, "Mahatma Gandhi's Ideas," which has just been published.

Craig F. Thompson is a member of the staff of The New York World.

Allen Tate, author of "Mr. Pope and Other Poems," will publish shortly a volume called "Essays on Poetry and Morality."

Louise Bogan, poet and critic, is the author of two books of verse, "Body of This Death" and "Dark Summer."

E. Preston Dargan is a professor of French at the University of Chicago.

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